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GERM WAR : OUR CONCLUSIONS

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A Slight Change of Emphasis ?

FOR the first time since President Eisenhower took office, he has made the Russians an offer which, imprecise, unsatisfying and partly irrelevant though it is, was clearly not drafted with the *intention* of securing an automatic rejection. The proposal to set up a new agency for control of "peaceful" atomic energy, with the Kremlin asked to participate as an equal, may mark a change of emphasis in U.S. policy. If so, what accounts for the change? Last summer American atomic supremacy gave place to something like atomic equality between "the two great colossi"; though the U.S. may have more bombs and a larger strategic air fleet, the difference between the destructive power of America and the U.S.S.R. is now a matter of degree, not of kind. It is a difference, moreover, which is presumably growing less each month.

While the U.S. still possessed atomic supremacy it had something with which to back a tough and inflexible foreign policy. Communism might make headway in distant places; American men, money and materials might, in the local engagements of the Cold War, meet great difficulties in damming the "tidal mud." Yet U.S. superiority in atomic weapons seemed a deterrent to all-out war, or a guarantee that such a war could be, at any rate, quick and decisive. That is no longer true. Atomic equality means that world war, as the President rightly emphasised, will be total for both sides. There is now no military reason why either side should yield to the other. This, of course, makes nonsense of the "liberation" policy. Indeed, it destroys almost all the assumptions on which U.S. foreign policy at present rests; if the power balance is tilting back against the West, and if co-existence is the alternative to mutual destruction, what is the use of pressing demands conceived when America had ultimate atomic supremacy?

To judge from the President's speech, the Administration may be beginning to understand this unpalatable truth. It has, however, very little room for manoeuvre. Six years of Republican propaganda have whipped up the American electorate to expect a "positive" policy that will produce results. Now the President has to persuade his supporters that, even if U.S. policy is changing gear, it is still moving on a sound Republican course. He has to attempt this difficult task, moreover, at a moment when Senator McCarthy is openly challenging him for control of the Republican Party and the presidential nomination in 1956—a challenge that is based upon a bigger witch-hunt at home and a demand for all-out war against China.

Faced with this dilemma, the President has tried to outflank McCarthy. His first effort was to use the Dexter White case to show that his Administration was keeping just as close an eye on subversion as the Senator and his colleagues. This shot hit the wrong target by accident. Tuesday's speech may have been no more than a second "stunt" designed principally to prepare Republican opinion for a slight change of emphasis—a small first instalment of co-existence, which (as Bermuda shows) does not yet include a material change of policy towards Europe.

After Bermuda

The rambling Bermuda conversations led nowhere: had it not been for the latest Russian Note, which required an answer, the Conference would have had not a single decision to record. The only noteworthy feature of the communiqué is its omissions. Sir Winston's proposal for talks at the highest level, China's right to her place in the U.N., peace negotiations with Ho Chi Minh—on all these three controversial issues the Americans succeeded in exercising a veto. Mr. Dulles scored a considerable success, and should be able to allay Congressional fears that American representatives must always be innocents abroad.

On the issue of Germany the Washington-Bonn axis once again prevailed. The Berlin conference is to be got out of the way as soon as possible, and the three Western Powers will enter it firmly committed to the European Defence Community. If the Russians object to German rearmament—as they certainly will—the Western Foreign Ministers will have their bags ready for a walk-out; and then the announcement can be made that, since their last appeal to "reason" has been rejected, the last ground for delaying German rearmament has been removed. In all this, the unfortunate M. Laniel and M. Bidault were the chief sufferers. They went to Bermuda determined to obtain from Sir Winston assurances of a closer British association with E.D.C., and from Mr. Eisenhower either permission to negotiate peace in Indo-China or a firm promise of American troops. On neither issue did they achieve the slightest success. Their humiliating failure will scarcely improve the temper of the French National Assembly. But apparently it has now been decided that what is required in Europe is a firm understanding between America, Britain and Western Germany.

Deadlock at Panmunjon

With the outright rejection by the Communists of the "final offer" by Mr. Dean, the U.S. delegate, the deadlock in the Panmunjon discussions on arrangements for the Political Conference seems to be complete. Mr. Dean had eventually proposed that the Conference should be held in Geneva; that it should be attended, in a neutral capacity without voting rights, by nations "with current experience in Korea"—*i.e.*, presumably those represented on the various post-armistice commissions; and that plenary membership of the Conference should be the sixteen belligerent U.N. States, North Korea, South Korea, China and Russia. This did nothing to meet the Communist objection that the Soviet Union must not be given the status of belligerent; and on this single issue the talks seem likely to break down. In that event, as Mr. Menon warned the U.N. Assembly, a "very grave" situation arises. If the Conference does not meet by January 22—that is, within the thirty days after the expiry of the period allotted for "explanations" to prisoners of war—the Indian custodian force will be in an equivocal and difficult position. Chou En-lai has protested to the Assembly that the "explanations" have been sabotaged deliberately by the Americans and South Koreans in order to secure the retention, for Syngman Rhee's military uses, of the captured Northerners. In fact, the "explanations" have been halted for nearly a month. If there is an indiscriminate release of prisoners in January, the Chinese will have some ground for raising charges of ill-faith and violation of the armistice agreement. But, failing the Political Conference, what is the alternative?

Talks With Persia?

General Zahedi now feels secure enough to risk, as a first step, a resumption of relations with Britain. He has managed to keep Dr. Mossadeq's supporters under control, partly by a show of force and partly by arresting many potential "mob leaders" and sending some of them to distant detention centres. He does not, however, seem to have much political support for this move, which the Mullah Kashani alleges has been taken only because the U.S. threatened to cut off aid to Persia if nothing was done. Though the police managed to suppress the students' protest demonstrations by killing only two of them—a comparatively cheap victory by Teheran standards—General Zahedi's action has been attacked by the only important Opposition leaders still at liberty, and there is little doubt that the Majlis would refuse to endorse it should the military Government give the rump of the Parliament permission to meet. No doubt, Mr. Hoover, the State Department oil adviser, has played some part in the negotiations which have led to the re-establishment of diplomatic contact, especially in persuading General Zahedi that he cannot procrastinate indefinitely. The Persians cannot go on directly to oil talks, but at least the way is now open for such talks when the General feels strong enough to risk them, either, as he probably wishes, with a special British mission, or, as Whitehall would prefer, through the "normal channels."

A Beginning on the Roads

The Government is entitled to credit for deciding, none too soon, that the waste and casualties due to Britain's quite inadequate trunk road system demand an "extended programme" of major improvements. Indeed, inaction in face of the present enormously increased influx of new cars on the road would be sheer lunacy. This said, few will quarrel with Mr. Herbert Morrison's description of the new Three-Year Plan as a "pretty miserable effort." Priority is rightly being given to projects which will reduce hold-ups in industrial traffic, and to schemes on which some expenditure has already been incurred; further, apart from such modest improvements as by-passes at Retford (A.1) and Markyate (A.5), it is proposed to complete the Dartford-Purfleet tunnel, to reconstruct the Conway Bridge, and to begin the Whiteinch-Linthouse tunnel in Glasgow. But, so far as trunk roads are concerned, the total amount of expenditure which will be authorised in 1954-57 will be only £22m.—a further £28m. representing proposed Exchequer grants for local authority roads. The finance thus to be provided is quite inadequate for the country's needs. Not merely are such large and essential projects as the Severn and Forth road bridges indefinitely postponed, but there are no signs that the Government recognises the necessity of efficient trunk roads at least between North and South and East and West. For new trunk roads, the cost of construction per mile is usually put at about £200,000. Precious few miles will be constructed even if the whole of the authorised expenditure is actually incurred in the period of the Three-Year Plan.

The Engineers' Next Step

Unless the Government intervenes, it looks as if the Engineering and Shipbuilding Confederation's next step—probably after a plenary conference of Executives—will be to declare a ban on overtime (and possibly piece work) for some time in January. Last week's one-day stoppage showed a high degree of determination among the skilled workers, but some reluctance among the less skilled to follow their lead. In the Confederation, the A.E.U., backed by most of the other specialist Unions, will presumably again be able to outvote the T. and G.W. and the General and Municipal Workers: indeed, the Confederation cannot be expected to withdraw now from the stand it has taken, unless the Government provides a way out. In our opinion, the time has come for the Minister of Labour to use his powers to set up a Court of Inquiry into the whole affair. Now that the Ford Company has granted an advance, the workers' case is plainly strengthened; and it is believed that a considerable number of engineering firms, as well as the majority of the shipbuilders, are in favour of making an offer. The 4s. award to the railwaymen—though the N.U.R. is far from being satisfied with it—also reinforces the engineers' claim; and their case is supported most of all by the increased dividends which a number of firms have been distributing since the demand was put in.

Case for an Inquiry

Already, by stretching out the negotiations and keeping a tight hold on their own members who are prepared to treat, the employers have saved themselves a good deal of money at the workers' expense. They have also, in conjunction with employers in other industries—including the nationalised section—and with the Government's aid, managed to create an atmosphere in which relatively small concessions are much more likely to be accepted than they seemed a few months ago. The wage-figures brought out during the negotiations have dispelled the idea that most of the skilled men are making earnings far above the district rate, and have shown a clear case for some restoration of the wage-differential, which has been heavily reduced both by a succession of flat-rate advances and by the greater ease with which a section of the less-skilled workers can earn fairly large sums on repetitive piece work. Nobody wants the less skilled to be pushed back into their old position; but as matters stand, the premium on skill is undoubtedly too low in many cases. These facts could be brought out by a Court of Inquiry; and though such a Court would have no power to make an enforceable award, it should be able to arrive at a recommendation which both sides could accept.

Rebuff to Malan

The Appeal Court in South Africa seems to have put another spoke in Dr. Malan's wheel. For over a year the Nationalist Government has been using its so-called Suppression of Communism Act to deprive of their right to speak in public, and even of their livelihood, a number of excellent people whose connection with Communism is and has been distant or non-existent, but whose fight for racial justice has long made them inconvenient to the fanatics of *apartheid*. Latterly the Act has been used to isolate, hamper, and impoverish the

most enlightened of South Africa's trade union leaders. Some of these are one-time members of the Communist Party; others have been "made so," for the purposes of the law, by the usual process of smear, slander and innuendo. Now the Appeal Court has made a ruling, the effect of which seems to be that the mere "listing" of a person under the Act is not sufficient to ban him or her from public life. If the interpretation of this ruling turns out to be what it seems to be—and there is a furious examination of tests going on in Pretoria at the moment—then victimised South Africans, like the well-known trade union leader, E. S. Sachs, will be able to resume their place in public life, though it is less sure that they will be able to recover their trade union appointments.

PARIS

Indo-China Peace Moves

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Ho Chi Minh's offer to negotiate a truce in Indo-China, though delivered unofficially in an interview with a Swedish newspaper, has plunged Government circles in Paris and Saigon into a state of nervous confusion. In Paris, the M.R.P. are apparently anxious to accept the offer at its face value, as they are convinced that the end of the war will materially increase the chances of ratifying E.D.C. Nevertheless, the Government is faced with a very real dilemma. Having at last succeeded in convincing the United States of the importance of the war and having obtained a vast increase in American assistance, it cannot embrace Ho's offer without at least a show of reluctance. Apart from anything else, the end of the war, with its inevitable decrease in dollar aid would, paradoxically, resurrect France's dollar deficit and strengthen the pressure for unpleasant structural changes in the economy. In view of this, M. Bidault's reported statement at Bermuda that France will not respond to Ho's offer except under certain conditions—including Vietminh recognition of the present regime in Saigon—probably represents the course the Government will take, though Bidault had, of course, no mandate from the Assembly to make such a statement.

In Saigon itself, the interview produced an outburst of frightened hysteria. Newspapers were ordered not to print the interview, and the principal French daily—which received these instructions just before going to press—appeared the next day with its front page three-quarters blank. Subsequently, however, it was decided that the offer could not be ignored entirely. N'Guyen Van Tam, the Vietnamese Prime Minister, who was in Paris at the time, gave an interview in which he officially recognised the offer, though the comparatively moderate tone of his statement implies that it was intended primarily for French consumption. Since then, the Saigon line has changed again. Ho's move is now interpreted as a sign of the increasing military exhaustion of the Vietminh forces and the success of the current plan to defeat them in the field. To the intense annoyance of the State Department, Vietnamese officials are even cultivating a rumour that Chinese aid to Ho has now ceased.

Indo-China, E.D.C. and the Bermuda Conference have all tended to relegate the presidential election to the background. Until last week, it was generally supposed that M. Herriot would be elected. His popularity, his stand against E.D.C. and—to put it bluntly—even his great age were in his favour. Unfortunately, he has now announced that ill health will not only prevent him from standing as a candidate but will also oblige him to resign from his present job as President of the Assembly. This decision—if it is final—means that the three principal political posts in the Republic will all have to be filled in the near future and the complex lobbying this will involve is almost unimaginable. Small wonder that several party leaders are complaining that the pressure of events has left them insufficient time to "sound out" their colleagues, and some of them have even gone so far as to state that a general election is the only way out.

ROME

The Threatened Strikes

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The growing prospect of conference and compromise over Trieste is already dissolving the artificial political alignments which the crisis brought into being. A conciliatory article by General Tomac in the Jugoslav Army journal *Narodna Armija*, and last week's agreement to withdraw troops from the frontier, have both helped to lessen Italian hostility. Even the neo-Fascist M.S.I. forebore to protest against Mr. Eden's recent proposals; and the Communists have formally abandoned their previous inconsistent position, and are now demanding application of the peace treaty (maintenance of a free territory) in line with the policy of Moscow and of the Trieste Communist, Signor Vidali. Most parties are now awaiting the results of current negotiations; but if this has sealed one source of agitation, it has also focused attention on the deeper differences of Italian political life. Signor Pella returned from The Hague conference to face new developments in the industrial crisis which reveal significant rifts among his own supporters.

For some weeks Liberals, Republicans and Social-Democrats have wistfully discussed the formation of a "lay democratic front." Since this would muster only 38 votes, the proposal is somewhat academic; and it is unlikely, moreover, that Signor Saragat would support it. But a more serious challenge to the Christian-Democrat hegemony has now come from within. Despite the long-awaited mediation of the Ministry of Labour, wage negotiations between the employers' Confindustria and the unions have once more broken down; and a further general strike has been called—this time not by the Communist C.G.I.L., but by the Catholic C.I.S.L., led by the Demochristian Deputy, Signor Pastore. Attempts by the C.G.I.L. to synchronise this strike with its own strike of railway and postal employees against the civil service Bill have so far failed; but C.I.S.L. railwaymen will co-operate.

Similar dissensions have arisen over the closure of the Pignone works in Florence, where the discharged employees who have returned to work in the foundry are being wooed alternately by the Pontifical Assistance Commission and by Communist film shows. Signor Fanfani, Minister of the Interior, has declared his official solidarity with the support given to the foundry workers by the Mayor of Florence; and this has exposed the Government to much Right-wing criticism. High production costs and undue war-time expansion are the reasons given for the closure; but the high-handed way it was announced, and the recent speech of Dr. Costa on his re-election as President of Confindustria, are all too reminiscent of American big-business methods. Some of Dr. Costa's remarks have been echoed in the writings of Don Luigi Sturzo and other Catholic spokesmen: and it is evident that the façades of both the Church and the Demochristian party conceal some fundamental differences. Whether Signor Pella will be able to reconcile them yet remains to be seen.

ACCRA

United States of West Africa?

Kingsley Martin cables from Accra: A packed audience, young, enthusiastic and sweating—here and there a woman, but mostly men—waited in the Palladium Theatre here on Monday afternoon for Dr. Nkrumah, Premier of the Gold Coast, and "Zik" (Dr. Azikiwe), the would-be Premier of Nigeria. They had returned from a Conference at Kumasi, where they had formally launched the "West African National Congress." The new Congress, said Nkrumah, was open to all political parties who desired to unify West Africa. I heard doubts, however, expressed whether he seriously includes any party except the Convention Peoples' Party (C.P.P.), or whether he was enthusiastic when "Zik," in a tumultuously applauded speech, mentioned, tactfully or otherwise, the part played by non-C.P.P. politicians in the Gold Coast.

Nkrumah made a statesmanlike speech, pointing out that many years might pass before the Congress could achieve the unification of all West African States, including those now held by France and Spain, *plus* the Belgian Congo and Nigeria. That such unification should be publicly stated as the goal is an event of great significance; and "Zik"—tall, thin, bespectacled and white-robed—emphasised the point that West Africa's duty is to extend aid and sympathy to the whole African and Negro race beyond the seas. This African nationalism was underlined by other Nigerian speakers, including Mr. H. O. Davies, the barrister who helped to defend Kenyatta, and Kola Balogan, the Secretary of the National Council for Nigeria and the Cameroons, who was refused permission to enter Kenya.

What does all this oratory amount to in substance? Briefly, recent events have both created African nationalism and given it an objective and a long-term hope; but no immediate programme is within sight, and African leaders here are well aware of the difficulties still ahead in attaining even the first step—unity of British West Africa. Nkrumah is cautious and evidently anxious to do nothing which would cost him the essential technical and administrative aid of British officials in the Gold Coast. As for "Zik"—even when he was emphasising the slogan "Nigerian self-government by 1956," he explained the great difficulties in making a homogeneous State from a land so divided as Nigeria. He thus revealed a sharp conflict between himself and Mr. Awolowo. Everyone knows that Nigeria contains several very different peoples, and there is much scepticism whether unity can be so quickly attained even if the reluctance of the North to join the South is not encouraged by the British.

An important weakness revealed by Monday's meeting is that the Gold Coast spokesman represented only the C.P.P. and "Zik," for Nigeria, only his own party. There was nobody from other West African states. The invitation to Sierra Leone is said to have been tactlessly worded, and Liberia had just been rebuked by Nkrumah for supporting the U.N. resolution about Togoland. It would be easy to dismiss hopes of West African and Negro unity as visionary; but I regard Monday's meeting as a token of a growing movement of the greatest possible significance. Like Asian nationalism in the earlier stages, the movement today is purely nationalist, with no tinge, in any speech I have heard, of Communism, and only occasionally any Socialist flavour. Its future development depends on the attitude which is shown by the old Imperialist Powers, especially Britain and, above all, by the British Labour movement.

The Truth About Germ Warfare

THE propaganda war, in which we live, divides us perforce into loyal believers and disloyal sceptics. On both sides of the Iron Curtain, millions accept the official black-and-white myth of world politics; a minority, desperately trying to form an independent judgment, suspend judgment on the charges and counter-charges hurled against each other by the rival psychological warfare machines—and are suspected of disloyalty by their credulous neighbours.

In the absence of objective tests—which are rarely forthcoming—this suspension of judgment is the only rational attitude to adopt. When, for instance, the Chinese and Russians in February, 1952, launched their germ war accusation against the U.S., it was absurd to dismiss it without bothering to examine the evidence. The only reasonable attitude was to support the American demand for an independent investigation either by the International Red Cross or by a special U.N. Commission; to observe that the vote cast by the Russians against both these proposals threw grave doubt on their veracity; but to suspend final judgment until the charges could be put to the test.

For some months it looked as though this test might never be forthcoming. But, since the armistice was signed last August, the situation has changed. The return of the American prisoners of war—including a number of those who refused to "confess"—has provided the observer who cares about objective truth with new evidence. For some weeks now the significance of this evidence has been discussed in our Correspondence columns by a number of distinguished scientists. Dr. Joseph Needham, who visited China with the "International Scientific Commission for the Investigation of Facts Concerning Bacterial Warfare" and signed its report, has argued at length that the recantations of the American airmen make no substantial difference, since the Commission's conclusions were based on "scientific" evidence and not on their statements. Sir George Thomson has sought to refute Professor Needham; and finally Professor Gregory has entered the lists to suggest that further investigations are required in order to establish the facts.

Further investigations, if they were possible, might well provide us with some interesting sidelights on the affair. But, after carefully studying the statements of the airmen submitted to the United Nations by Dr. Charles Mayo on behalf of the American Administration, we have reached the conclusion that, on the central issue, definitive judgment can now be reached. Before last August it was reasonable to suspend judgment: indeed, the hypothesis was tenable that neither side was telling the whole truth. Now this kind of middle position has been rendered impossible by the statements of the returned airmen. Unless we are afraid to think clearly and to follow our argument to its logical conclusion, we must admit that someone has been guilty of fabricating a deliberate lie. The only question is whether the fabrication was American or Communist.

Dr. Needham's contention that the airmen's testimony is of secondary importance was weak enough before they recanted. As Professor Thomson points out, the "scientific" evidence which he and his colleagues were shown by their Chinese confrères could never, by itself, prove that the germs had been brought to China by American aircraft and dropped in American bombs. The airmen's testimony is essential because it provides the only link to connect the infected organisms, inspected by the Commission, with the American military authorities. As Dr. Needham himself has now admitted, this scientific evidence might have been planted by the Russian or Chinese secret police in order to whip up anti-American feeling. Dr. Needham tells us that such a plant was far too complicated a thing for the Chinese to fabricate, and that anyway he cannot believe that this nation, which he loves so sincerely, could be guilty of such practices. But at this point we are in the realm, not of the scientific evidence on which Dr. Needham relies, but of judgment about the behaviour of our fellow men. Once there is reason to believe the Chinese *did* extort and fabricate the airmen's confessions, the last reason is removed for arguing that they could not plant the "scientific evidence" as well.

We are therefore left with one question and one question only to decide. Which of the statements by Colonel Frank Schwable, Major Roy Bley, Colonel Walker Mahurin, Lt. O'Neill, Lt. Quinn and the rest of the returned airmen are we to believe? Do we accept the confessions they wrote out in their own hand and recorded on film in the prison camps, or do we prefer the recantations they first made in Korea and then read aloud before the film cameras in New York? Of course, it may be argued that, after their contradictory statements, they should be dismissed as totally unreliable witnesses. But in that case we are back where we started. Without their evidence there is no more reason to believe that the Americans dropped germ bombs than that the Communists planted the evidence in order to launch their propaganda campaign. Our verdict, thus far, must be "not guilty."

When we examine the confessions and the recantations alongside each other, however, we find there is no reason for such extreme scepticism. After all, Colonel Schwable and his colleagues were not compelled to accept repatriation. Even if we assume, as we must, that their statements have been drafted for the purpose of self-exculpation, the fact remains that each of the chief witnesses to the charge of germ warfare has now repudiated the confessions he made. Moreover, their description of how the confessions were extorted does not stand alone. It is confirmed—and confirmed in every detail—by the testimony of airmen who have been submitted to even more arduous pressure in the camps but had the courage to say "No." Dr. Mayo told the United Nations Assembly that one hundred and seven airmen were accused of engaging in germ warfare. Thirty-six signed confessions. Of the fourteen confirmed as dead and the seventeen listed as missing, the behaviour is not known. But forty have returned alive who refused to sign, and have described methods of interrogation which tally with the stories of their weaker colleagues.

In studying the testimony both of those who confessed and of those who held out, one is struck by the close resemblance between their experience and that of the survivors who escaped to describe what happened in the Moscow prisons during the Great Purge. Alex Weissberg, in his classic book, *Conspiracy of Silence*, paints much the same picture as Lt. Moreland—who was interrogated for 1,800 hours, was twice tried and once condemned to death but still did not confess—or Colonel Mahurin, who was busy re-writing his confession to fit the changing directive of his interrogators right up to the morning on which he was freed. There is the same alternation of "soft" and "hard" treatment, without much torture but with a great deal of mental agony contrived to destroy psychological resistance. There is the same *a priori* presumption by the interrogators that the crime must have been committed and that the prisoner's only task is to help in proving his own guilt. What he actually did or did not do is irrelevant: his evidence must fit the crime.

Some of these airmen spent weeks writing and re-writing their confessions, only to find that the final document they copied out and signed bore virtually no relation to their original statements. Required to reconcile some forty stories—all the more conflicting because they were fictitious—the interrogators finally scrapped the work of months and invented one master story, which all could sign harmoniously. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to assert that the evidence of 76 American soldiers, some of them brave men and some not so brave, was fabricated within a few hours of their reaching Panmunjon, where their first statements were recorded, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that confessions were in fact extorted in order to provide the essential link in the proof that the U.S. was guilty of germ warfare. This guilt was to be revealed to the world at a monster war crimes trial constructed on the pattern of the trials staged in Moscow during the 1930s. But when the death of Stalin was at once followed by the Chinese peace initiative, such a trial became superfluous. The plan was dropped, and though the interrogations continued, the surviving "war criminals" were finally sent home with the rest of the American prisoners of war.

There is still one objection which the sceptic can legitimately raise. If all this is true, he will ask, how could the Communists have had the effrontery to release these men, knowing that they would go back to America and at once reveal the truth? In weighing this objection, however, it must be remembered that this is not the first occasion upon which prisoners of the Communists have been released to tell their tale. Vogeler and Oatis, who returned from Hungarian prisons, are only the most recent examples. Under a Communist regime, the change of policy which requires a prisoner to be released is the responsibility not of the Security authorities but of a different Department; and, once policy has been changed, orders must be carried out, regardless of their consequences. What is interesting to notice is that, in these respects, the Chinese Communists seem to be copying Russian methods with literal thoroughness. Indeed, there is a good deal of evidence that these interrogations, which continued for five weeks after the armistice had been signed, were carried out by the Chinese under close Russian supervision.

But why did the Chinese enter upon this immense and perilous fabrication? It is possible—indeed, it is probable—that, as in Moscow during the Great Purge, some of those who laid the charge were convinced that the crime had been committed. It may well be that the Chinese Government at first believed the Americans guilty of germ warfare, and gave orders that a war crimes trial should be staged to demonstrate their guilt. Men in high positions are as gullible and as easily duped as the rest of us. But, whereas in a Western democracy it is still possible, on occasion, to rid Ministers or high officials of a delusion by showing that facts are against it, this is far more difficult in a Communist State. The delusion becomes unquestioned policy, to which all facts must be fitted, however great the distortion involved. Once the procedure of investigating germ warfare had been set in motion, it could only end either in the provision of the required evidence and the staging of the war crimes trial, or in a change of policy which made the trial unnecessary. A State, whose whole being is based on the repudiation of objective justice as a bourgeois prejudice, inevitably comes to accept Plato's doctrine of the "noble lie." Plato believed that his philosopher kings would be morally justified in deceiving the

people by "improving" the mere facts when those facts did not fit the ideal truth which their Republic served. So, too, the Communists have never shrunk from telling the "noble lie" when it seemed essential to the forces of history which they serve.

In conclusion, it should be noted that the exposure of this fabrication will not greatly disturb Peking or Moscow. In psychological warfare, the aggressor who gets in the first propaganda blow obtains thereby an enormous advantage. It is the credible myth, not its tardy, factual confutation, which achieves its psychological effect. Today one half of the population of the world, including most of Asia, either accepts the Communist charge as proven or believes that there must be something in it. The myth of germ warfare is credible to them because it rationalises graphically and in "scientific" terms the character of the U.S. as Asia has come to know her since 1950. What should concern Americans is not merely that this charge was falsely made but that it was so eagerly believed by the coloured millions, whereas the Voice of America is dismissed as propaganda, even when it states objective facts. Even in the Western world only a small minority rate the values of objective truth and objective justice high enough to risk their livelihood for them—far less their lives. As for the oppressed millions of Asia and Africa, in the last resort they measure the good faith of a great nation by the use it makes of its vast power. As long as the U.S. seems to be frustrating the forces of liberation, they will be ready to accept the myths of Communism.

West African Dominion

WHEN the Gold Coast Assembly met for its autumn session this year, the first motion it was asked to consider referred to nothing more volcanic than exemption from Customs duty of equipment imported for the Boys' Brigade. And at Westminster, near the same time, one of the first questions of this session elicited from Mr. Lyttelton the statement that he accepted proposals for a further step towards self-government made lately by Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the Gold Coast. A pleasant comparison, indeed: business as usual in the Gold Coast—absence of colonial controversy in the House of Commons. Early next year the Gold Coast Government will "go to the country" for the second general election in Gold Coast history; soon after that, other things being equal, this African people will take another firm step towards self-government and nationhood. There is every sign that other things will be equal.

With the crisis in British Guiana at the back of our minds, it is worth examining afresh exactly what is now going forward in this small but wealthy African colony. The Gold Coast is small compared with Nigeria, which has seven times its population, though large compared with British Guiana, which has only one-tenth as many people; but in colonial terms the Gold Coast is wealthy on any comparison, and the value of its main export commodity, cocoa, is rising at a time when the value of other principal colonial commodities is falling. The Gold Coast is not only wealthy, but is likely to stay wealthy for some time to come.

The reforms of the present constitution, which followed the nationalist resurgence after 1945 and the collapse of the Burns Constitution of 1947, were important. With some big reservations, they extended the principle of self-government to the people of the Gold Coast, and introduced universal manhood suffrage. In 1950, the Convention People's Party showed that Africans could work universal suffrage as well as other peoples. Since then Dr. Nkrumah and his colleagues have been preparing themselves for an eventual end to the reservations which accompanied these changes. Patiently and confidently, they have been content to gain experience, to proceed with a gradual "Africanisation" of the administrative service, and to build up their case for greater independence. Not until the summer of this year did Dr. Nkrumah come forward with demands for important changes in the existing Constitution; and he did this only after discussing these possible changes with Mr. Lyttelton during the latter's visit to the Gold Coast earlier this year.

Broadly, the Convention People's Party—the party in power—is asking now for an additional instalment of independence which will still fall significantly short of full self-government. They are asking, with the support of the Legislative Assembly, for a transitional period after which the Gold Coast shall acquire Dominion status, together with the powers of self-government that are proper to it. Dr. Nkrumah has not said how long this transitional period may be expected to last; but it is fairly obvious, if only from an examination of the state of the administrative service, that he is thinking in years rather than in months. So far, the Gold Coast Government has found it possible to appoint only three African heads of Departments: the main Departments remain under British officials, and are likely to do so for some time ahead. Furthermore, the Government has gone out of its way to express its desire "to encourage overseas officers to remain in the service for as long as they are needed," and to show, by the guarantee of pensions and reasonable terms of continued service, that this is no mere form of words. Far from throwing out the British, the Gold Coast Government has shown its will to retain their services while pressing forward, at a steady but not unreasonable pace, with the appointment of African officials.

In this transitional period—to which the Secretary of State apparently agrees—the *ex officio* Ministers (British colonial officials) now in charge of Finance, Justice, Defence and External Affairs will be displaced by African Ministers; except that the African Minister of Finance will be advised by a Permanent Secretary, presumably a British official, the Attorney-General's office will be separated from that of the Minister of Justice and will also be held by an official, again presumably British, while the Governor will continue to be responsible for external affairs, defence, and internal security. At the same time the Legislative Assembly will be increased from 84 to 105 members, all of whom—in contrast to the present situation—may be directly elected. One of the best achievements of the Government has been to win the trust and support of the Northern Territories; if the proposed changes go through, no more territorial nominations will be made to the Assembly.

The Governor will retain the reserved powers assured to him at present. Formally, this means that he will continue to be able to abrogate the constitution and over-ride both Assembly and Government, should he judge this "necessary." So long as Sir Charles Arden-Clark is Governor of the Gold Coast, and Dr. Nkrumah is Prime Minister, there is little likelihood of these powers being used, for their mutual understanding was good from the beginning, and appears to have improved with time. But, where Dr. Nkrumah is almost certain to be re-elected next year, Sir Charles is due for retirement: what might happen under a less skilful and sympathetic Governor is difficult to foresee.

Last summer Dr. Nkrumah followed up his statement of impending constitutional change by placing before the Assembly a motion calling upon the Imperial Government, "as soon as the necessary constitutional and administrative arrangements for independence have been made, to introduce an Act of Independence in Parliament declaring the Gold Coast a sovereign and independent State within the Commonwealth"—a motion which the Assembly passed with enthusiasm. Nothing more has been heard of this since then; and it is likely that Dr. Nkrumah and his colleagues meant their motion as no more than a statement of eventual intentions—for the time which should follow the transitional period for which they are now asking. All that is at present asked of the Imperial Government in this respect is that the Gold Coast be transferred from the Colonial Office to the Commonwealth Relations Office—presumably as an earnest of the dominionhood that is to come. To this, however, Mr. Lyttelton has demurred; and, if the transfer is of great symbolic importance to the Gold Coast, it can be urged at the same time that the C.R.O. has in fact no apparatus for dealing with the administrative problems of the Gold Coast, so that the symbolic gain might be more than countered by a practical loss in efficiency at the London end.

What emerges, in any case, is that Parliament is already faced in principle with the demand for Dominion status by an African people—in itself a tribute to the pace of development of which Gold Coasters have shown themselves capable. Over the past three years, indeed, the people of the Gold Coast have made ridiculous their critics who insisted that the "Gold Coast experiment" was bound to end in ruin and confusion, that the Labour Government had behaved stupidly and irresponsibly, that Africans would require "generations" before they could govern themselves. All this, we now know, is as silly as we thought it was. The Colonial Secretary might, indeed, be grateful if the White settler politicians of Central Africa could find it in themselves to think and act with a tithe of the intelligence and common sense which have been shown by these Africans whom they despise.

Dr. Nkrumah has, of course, the advantage in his dealings with London of needing to make no demands on the Imperial Government for "difficult" economic concessions—his electorate consists of a high proportion of farmers, peasants and self-employed traders. Time will show whether he has done wisely in tending to neglect the economic side of his problem. As Dr. Lewis and others have lately implied, the economic position of the Gold Coast is perhaps less good than it seems. It can be argued that the real trial of strength and of African capacity in the Gold Coast will come later, when the issue between the Gold Coast and Britain turns, as eventually it must, from the sphere of politics to that of economics. It is already clear that the Labour Party has a duty to itself to work out, in good time, what its policy will be, once the Gold Coast raises economic problems of the same order of difficulty as those which Dr. Jagan's Government raised in British Guiana. In the meantime it can be matter for reasonable satisfaction that, while African hopes in so many other territories are ignored, over-ridden, laughed to scorn and rendered nugatory, this steady progress of constructive nationalism in the Gold Coast remains the pointer to a better future.

London Diary

David Ben Gurion's decision to retire from the limelight and the burden of his lonely office for a long period of spiritual, mental and physical recuperation is characteristic of that great man. He has always worn the harness of leadership fretfully and with an eye on the richer pastures of scholarship and book-collecting, to which he fled whenever he could. Not that Ben Gurion, who taught himself Greek in adult life, and is now learning Sanskrit, is an "intellectual": on the contrary, his love of books has been the ever-developing relaxation of a life which began in the working class and has been one of action, struggle and war for all its sixty-five years. A Russian by birth, Ben Gurion served in the British Army in '14-'18. He, Louis Fischer, Jabotinsky and, I hear, Epstein were all privates in the Jewish battalion at the same time. I am told that their C.O. is still alive and in this country. It would be interesting to know what he made of them.

* * *

The men who are great enough to change the course of history by changing the shape of maps are frequently confronted with Ben Gurion's dilemma. Shall they kill themselves before their work is done by being "indispensable"? Or, by retiring to recuperate, do they "desert their posts"? Since the days of Cincinnatus and the dictator Sulla, few have managed Ben Gurion's break with affairs. Paderewski is perhaps the nearest parallel in recent years. But the problem has pressed on many others. U Nu, for instance, the Burmese statesman, is a Buddhist monk who was summoned from his cell to become a national leader when Aung San was assassinated. He has led his country to freedom, nationhood, and growing good order, through as tricky a passage of shoals and reefs as ever a pilot had to navigate. Inclination and duty have all the time beckoned him back to his cell; and all the time a higher duty has kept him at his secular post. The decision must depend, in each case, on the facts. Israel will survive the shock of Ben Gurion's going, and may have need of him refreshed in the future. Burma would probably not have survived the loss of Nu. That, of course, is the danger. It is possible to criticise Ben Gurion; but he has apprehended the great lesson—that the overriding duty of an "indispensable" is to make himself dispensable.

* * *

Was ever a great occasion worse served by its press arrangements than the Bermuda Conference? There seems to have been an attempt to out-Potsdam Potsdam. But why? Are the threats to life and security in this "colour-barred" settlers' paradise really to be compared with Berlin in '45? The attempt to preserve the life of those taking part in the Conference was, for all I know, successful. The attempts to discipline the world press (which had, after all, been invited to attend) were ludicrous. Apart from the normal daily leak from French sources of the Conference room proceedings, we were told in detail how Laniel and Bidault were not on speaking terms, how Eisenhower had lost his temper with the French press liaison officer, how Laniel had held himself insulted by Churchill, how Churchill had been moved to fury at the first sight of Eisenhower's atom speech and (by the *Sunday Express*) how Laniel's chill, diplomatic or otherwise, had really been a severe heart attack. It is more than likely that, if the press had been decently treated, none of these embarrassing and deplorable tales would have been told. Except, I suppose, the last, which reflected the *Express*'s standards of news-getting rather than malice. If indeed M. Laniel ever does have a heart attack, or for that matter if Dr. Mossadeq is ever sentenced to death, the *Express* will be able to tell its readers that it has scooped the world.

* * *

What a tizzy about whether to censure Mr. Lyttelton over his conduct of African affairs! But the mystery of the Uganda debate is easily solved. According to my informants, a Party official, through a misunderstanding, communicated the terms of a draft Censure Motion to the Government Chief Whip before the Opposition had decided whether or not to table it. The decision not to do so was taken before Mr. Lyttelton ever got to his feet. So much for the story that his much-vaunted Kabaka speech changed the Opposition's mind.

* * *

More interesting is the light which this episode throws on the Colonial tug-of-war going on in the Labour Party. The Party's official Colonial expert is Mr. Griffiths, who, as an ex-Minister, knows a great deal about the problems he handed on to his successor. He is assiduously advised by a most energetic group of back-benchers—among them Mr. Fenner Brockway, Sir Leslie Plummer, Mr. Hale, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, and Mrs. White, are possibly the most prominent—who are equally well informed. Their information is apt to come from different sources from those of Mr. Griffiths; and, seeing themselves as the Parliamentary watchdogs of Party policy, they have worked more effectively than perhaps any other back-bench group to chastise the Tories and instruct their own colleagues. Again and again they have carried Mr. Griffiths with them, though sometimes, it has seemed, further than he has been very keen to go. This political kidnapping has not passed unnoticed by some of Mr. Griffith's colleagues on the Front Bench or, indeed, by the T.U.C. Complaints are heard from time to time that the ex-Colonial Secretary gives way too easily. Now Mr. Griffiths combines, with an honourable ambition to lead, a human (and unusually strong) desire to be loved. Surely, his eloquent speeches seem to proclaim, it should not be beyond the ingenuity of God and the Serpent, given good will of course, to find a *modus vivendi* in his garden? When, on occasions, both sides show impatience at his delicately trodden path, a certain indecision can be detected. Last week was a good example of this: Mr. Brockway's avowed determination to censure the Colonial Secretary was, in the end, frustrated by a Party decision to drop the whole business till after Christmas. The press is busy suggesting, not, I dare say, without inspiration, that this is a pointer for the future. The Party's handling of Colonial matters has, it is said, been getting out of hand: the "safe" men are now closing in, and Mr. Brockway's little outing may be ending. I wonder. The Constituencies back Mr. Brockway.

* * *

Lord Huntingdon did good work in the Lords on Tuesday by drawing attention to a little-known provision in the National Art Collections Bill. One clause of this otherwise harmless Bill permits the Trustees of the National and Tate Galleries to lend pictures to the Ministry of Works for display in any "public building or official residence," furnished by the Ministry, or in "the official residence of the Governor of a Colony." At first sight, it may seem reasonable. But, on reflection, I share the misgivings of Lords Huntingdon and Methuen—both, incidentally, painters. The purpose of the national collections is to preserve and display masterpieces, or representative works, for the pleasure of the public and for the use of art students and historians. But what control will in fact be kept, once the pictures have passed to the M.o.W.? How can they be properly cared for in a tropical Government House or the Legation at Addis Ababa? It may be possible to keep track without too much difficulty of some lonely masterpiece in, say, the Prime Minister's bathroom; but the risks of loss must be very high outside the U.K. I am not much reassured by the fact that all this is at the discretion of the Trustees. Giving trustees, however tolerant, power to "banish" a picture, perhaps for ever, seems most unwise—especially when so much more could be done, by lending to provincial galleries and creating picture libraries, to show our treasures to the public. I hope the Government will not get away with this until public opinion has had the chance to shape itself and find expression.

* * *

June in January, says the song, and as I write we are, despite fog, in sight of proving it true. We all compete with our gardeners' tales about the fantasy of the seasons. My own favourite—the Essex garden I saw last week, with winter-sweet and carnations flowering side by side. But over the conceits of the gardeners the old wives cast their shadow. Theirs are the tales I really believe. That it's unseasonable, for instance; that we shall pay for it later. Indeed, I think I've paid already. The North wind which ought to have killed the carnations would surely have killed my germs. As it is, the fever bed, the aching eyes, the cough mixture and the radio. A curse on my infectious daughter and her germ-ridden school; but a curse, too, on the plague-bearing June miasma which drifts up from the December Hampstead lawns.

Flavus

FORTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

Western representatives their sentiment repeat,
Talks have re-established full accord,
Needful solidarity is once again complete,
Germany's armed might must be restored.
Solid is Great Britain, solid are the States,
Bonn's assent was given in advance;
But there's no denying they find most trying
Forty million question marks in France.

Meetings of the Powers show identity of views,
Confidence and hope are fortified,
Germany is jubilant at this expected news
(France has German patience sorely tried).
Washington is steadfast, Whitehall standing firm,
Europe's forces they will not retrench.
Integration is in preparation,
All in step but forty million French.

Unity of purpose animates the West,
Ministers all sing the *Schumanlied*,
Democratic spokesmen in Germany protest
French security is guaranteed.
Whitehall is determined, Washington resolved,
Bonn's rearmament is in the bag,
Her war potential is most essential—
Forty million Frenchmen are the snag.

Britain with her policies serenely perseveres,
German faith Whitehall will never doubt,
Washington, incapable of such unfounded fears,
Will go it, with the Frenchmen, or without.
Germany is vital to the European defence,
Europe is united, steadfast, strong!
Churchill and Eisenhower trust Dr. Adenauer
So forty million Frenchmen *must* be wrong.

Sagittarius

Profile of Moscow

THE first thing one notices, as the plane banks over the outskirts of Moscow, is the new University building. From the air it looks like a model on a sand table in an architect's office: so clean and extensive in its lines, the gardens laid out around it and the roads leading up to it all so much of a piece. In the evening light it appears very slightly pink.

Standing in front of it, it is still difficult to estimate its true scale. "How far away do you think we are from the entrance portico?" the architect asked.

"Three hundred metres?"

"No, eight hundred."

This architect, the chief of the three who had designed the building, was a man well over sixty. But he looked younger. A grey beard, an animated but stiff figure, a big forehead and wild eyes. When he talked, the words came out fast and a little erratically—like chips of wood from the blow of an axe. He moved like a clown trying to be serious. When he became excited, one had the impression that, while he was talking, he was hopping from one foot to the other. He rested on his stick and looked back at the building—the huge tower of the central block and the accommodation wings on either side.

"There are a lot of things wrong with it, of course. The entrance, for instance. We've had several shots at that, but it's still not right. Too conventional and classical. And then that large decoration above—we're going to pull that down and try something else."

Somebody asked him if any plans had been made for extension. He paused, looked round at the casual crowd that had collected to listen to him, and then, smiling, pointed at a very short Red Army soldier and said: "You see this comrade here. If his wife says to him, 'The trouble with you is you're too small,' what can he say? All he can say is, 'Well, I'm the size I was made. You must take it or leave it.'"

Inside we passed a group of students gossiping. The University had opened for the first time a week before. When they saw the architect they waved, and began clapping. He gave a pleased comedian's bow.

The lift girl was new at her job and couldn't stop the lift at the right floor. We shot past it somewhere about the 25th. First, upwards; and then, downwards. It was rather like getting the silver ball into the hole in one of those infuriating pocket bagatelles. The architect insisted that she should go on trying; and eventually, after about half a dozen attempts, we stopped at the floor he intended. We went out on to one of the lower roofs and looked down at Moscow.

It was the second time I had looked down at the city; for three weeks I had wandered around it, mostly by myself. In the distance towards the country one could see the beginning of the silver birch woods. The landscape around Moscow is gentle and pretty: rather like Corot, but on a much larger scale; the horizon looks farther away; and the deeply rutted tracks across the fields of the collective farms look as though they might eventually lead to another province—not, as in England, connecting two paddocks, so familiar and manageable that they are christened with family names.

The suburbs are mostly wooden settlements of one- or two-storey houses. Some are ramshackle, crooked affairs of unplaned logs; others are a little smarter, with the wood fashioned and fret-worked. A little like English village railway stations: but without the roses, the cosiness: more reminiscent of a township in Australia. The main roads are wide and unfenced, with a good deal of traffic on them, particularly old, upright lorries like pre-war French types. Tracks lead off the main road to the shacks, which are often grouped round a muddy yard. During the day there are far more women about than men. One sees them lifting potatoes, pinning up washing in their yards, leading a goat or feeding chickens. They are dressed like peasants, with many layers of clothes, and scarves tied round their heads. The best way of picturing their faces is to imagine the women in seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, then, as it were, weather them for a generation in the Russian winter, and make their cheeks pinker. Many of the children wear high stockings over their knees and peaked caps which give them a Dickensian air—only they haven't the pinched faces of the nineteenth century.

Suburbs? Looking down from the University, one realises that it is the city itself which, despite many historical buildings, appears new, the suburbs ancient. As one approaches the centre, there are more new buildings, more building sites, until in certain areas there are so many cranes that it is like being in a dock. But the appearance of the people doesn't change. One sees groups of old peasants shopping in Gorki Street—which has twelve lines of traffic—who, if isolated from their surroundings, one would expect to see in a village church. Or one sees an old woman, straight out of Dostoevski in appearance, having her shoes shined outside, say, the Lenin Museum. (Inside, incidentally, are Lenin's own boots. All his personal effects emphasise what a fastidious man he must naturally have been: and how small. In some ways a little like Chaplin.)

From the roof of the University we could see the gold and white toy towers of the Kremlin, the Nivea winding round it, the space of the Red Square, the Lenin Library, like an arsenal—but these one had to look for. What were far more obvious were the new white skyscrapers—some of them flats, others offices. Yet the word is wrong. For skyscrapers imply claustrophobia. And the whole point about the dozen or so "multi-storey" buildings in Moscow is that they are all placed to cap an *open* prospect. They are the peaks, as it were, to which the foothills—the outlying districts—lead.

Indeed, one of the most noticeable characteristics of Moscow is its sense of spaciousness, of the sky being big, and of the new wide streets, with their huge emporium shops, having been cleared and uncluttered by the wind. You walk, you don't amble. The roads in the old wooden areas are, of course, narrow; but then the fact that the houses are so low, and that above them one can nearly always see a wide skyline, prevents any real feeling of confinement. They are more like tents pitched on the upper slopes. (Here I must emphasise that this metaphor of a mountain is only an attempt to pin down the feeling of the place. In fact, Moscow is rather flat.)

The architect pointed out one of the large sculptured figures he had designed on the corner of the roof: a girl worker. She reminded me of a couple of girl building workers I had seen in the back of a lorry going from one site to another. I had taken a taxi, and we were overtaking them. They were wearing big duffle coats and were asleep, their arms round each other like gentle bears. The taxi driver jerked his thumb at them and, grinning at me, said, "Deported: Siberia."

In fact, the girls are another thing one notices. Those who do manual work—sweeping the streets, bricklaying, driving buses, working pneumatic drills—remain surprisingly feminine. If anything, more like traditional milk-maids than British women railway porters. Nearly all the others (whether they are or not) look like students. They wear their hair in plaits looped round their heads, little make-up (although at the moment there is a craze for nail varnish) and unselfconscious clothes. Above all, they seem modest, almost demure—a Russian characteristic noticed long before the Revolution. To us they look a little like the daughters of nineteenth-century country town vicars or schoolmasters: something like the portraits of the Brontës.

One day I was sitting in the Metro opposite a girl. She was reading, as they always seem to be. When she looked up, I smiled. She quickly glanced down at her book again. This happened several times. Then I had to get out. As I stepped on to the platform, I looked back through the window. She looked up and this time burst into laughter. As the train drew out, we waved energetically at each other, both still laughing. A silly story, but typical of the sort of freshness girls in Moscow have.

Much has been written about the Metro stations. They are all different but they are all like underground banqueting-halls—chandeliers, marble, mosaics, sculptures, paintings—as clean as though prepared for a reception. The ticket collectors look like air hostesses: but with short socks, not nylons.

I remembered my friends in London. "The Metro's all very well. But how do they live? What about the side-streets and the slums?"

Aspidistras. In nearly every window—particularly in the semi-basement ones—there are aspidistras and rubber plants. Through them one sees small, rather dark rooms, full of ornaments and well-worn furniture: poor farmhouse parlours: cottage rooms: their atmosphere a strange mixture of Hardy and Gogol. Yet the answer to the question isn't really quite as simple as it seems. A lot of new flats still need to be built. Many obvious consumer-goods are only just beginning to come on to the market. The lower-

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Your front page article about Africans being shot made me feel sick. Could not this kind of story be condensed and made more pleasant?—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (M. Bevan.)

Refined Elderly Couple would appreciate the opportunity of occasionally attending functions at which evening dress is worn.—Advt. in *Recorder*. (V. J. Dent.)

The many forces that have suffered defeat at the hands of the British soldier with all his crudities appear to prefer to be defeated by him rather than by any army in the world.—Letter in *The Times*. (J. Cole.)

I am a medium. I have yet to see nudes in the higher plane of the spirit world, where everyone is always clothed in beautiful robes. But there are nudes in the lowest sphere.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (Mrs. Asquith.)

— Bureau supplies immediately private houses, schools, hotels with trained and untrained staff, male and female, Irish and first-class foreigners.—Advt. in *The Times*. (H. Singer.)

paid workers ought to be paid more. But when all that has been said *and* done, Moscow, by our standards, will still be a city of contrasts.

Lenin used to say that when Communism was achieved, gold would only be used for lavatory seats. But, in fact, gold is for the public, not the private occasion. The inside of the University is like Xanadu; Lenin's tomb—a personal monument—is as severe (although made of red and black marble) as his famous armoured car in Petrograd. You don't keep up appearances in Moscow, you contribute to them. Or, to put it another way, Stakhanovites take the place of Beauty Queens. This is something that constantly strikes you. No one dresses to go to the Bolshoi theatre; but the gilt and red velvet of the auditorium are spotless, and no one thinks of stubbing out a cigarette except in an ash tray. Intellectuals don't look particularly "intellectual." People wear their little button-hole Stalin Prize medals very proudly, but don't worry much about the cut of their suits or cars. And, to explain this solely in terms of the shortage of suits and cars is to miss an important point.

A few days after my visit to the University I went out with some British architects to the Soviet architects' Rest Home or Country Club. It was a converted eighteenth-century aristocrat's house. The lake and gardens were open to the public. In the convalescent wing there was a huge bathroom. In it was every sort of shower imaginable—to sit on, stand under or lie down in. Noticing the steam and the dial machines, somebody christened it "The torture chamber for Formalists." There were also jets that a nurse could hose you down with. One of my last memories of Moscow is of laughing, under a shower myself, at the very high-powered Secretary of the Soviet Architects' Union—a large blonde man—being hosed against the wall, his body very pink and his smile broader than ever. Perhaps that is a kind of symbol of what I mean about appearances.

JOHN BERGER

Good Neighbours?

(By a Chilean Correspondent)

IN a speech on American foreign policy delivered last February, John Foster Dulles announced the launching of a new U.S. policy towards Latin America. The indifference of the Truman Administration, he declared, would come to an end. Soon after this, a large increase in the funds allocated to Latin America was included in President Eisenhower's Mutual Security recommendations for the fiscal year 1954-55. The climax of these new developments was typically Eisenhowerian—a tour of Latin America by the President's brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower. In this tour Dr. Eisenhower was supposed to examine the needs for technical and financial assistance of the Southern nations, and on his return he has reported personally to the President.

Apart from reiterating the need for U.S. "know-how" and financial help to be sent South, Dr. Eisenhower's most interesting conclusion was that Latin America should depend primarily upon the investment of private foreign capital, as opposed to Government development loans. As he said to a group of astonished Chilean economists, "Latin America must rely on the free play of competitive market forces and enterprise for its economic development." The first consequence of these statements was a recrudence of anti-U.S. feeling, and an intensification of the efforts of many countries that had traditionally been pro-American to establish commercial relations with the Soviet bloc. Unfortunately for these raw-material producers, when Korean hostilities ended, the world price of mineral primary products fell sharply, leaving Chile and Bolivia with an enormous unsold surplus of minerals and a growing internal financial crisis. The U.S. was once more playing a winning game. The Chilean Socialist Ministers resigned under pressure; and, shortly afterwards, Chile had to agree to a lower selling price and easier terms for the American copper companies. Bolivia found itself in the same position and had to allow "competitive market forces" to work by selling tin to the U.S. at a give-away price.

The U.S. has secured once more, for a time, the flow of raw materials into its stockpiling programme, but it has by no means increased its popularity South of the Border. The root of the matter is that the Dulles policy for Latin America is based on the assumption that the present cool attitude of many Latin American nations towards the U.S. is due primarily to the fact that dollar aid was not forthcoming at the rate expected during post-war years. The implication of this assumption is that the wave of nationalism and anti-U.S. feeling in Latin America is a development that would not have occurred, had the U.S. been more generous with financial assistance.

The truth is that an increase in capital investment by the U.S. would not touch the roots of upsurging Latin American nationalism and anti-Imperialism, which stem, not so much from U.S. Government policy during the last seven years, as from the policies of the American investing companies in Latin America during the past twenty years. Until the depression of the 1930s, almost every Latin American country was selling its raw materials to an expanding and prosperous world market. Foreign investment found its way into the South; and, besides the business uses of such capital, extensive public works were undertaken by the Governments concerned. Nothing seemed to threaten the bright future of this international specialisation of tasks; while Latin America produced minerals and agricultural products, the U.S. turned the raw materials into manufactures and sold them back to its Southern "good neighbours".

Then came the Depression—and chaos. Within a few months, for instance, Chile, which in 1930 had only 6,000 unemployed, was confronted with over 160,000 unemployed and a 90 per cent. fall in exports. The crude reality of these dependent economies revealed itself as that of mere appendages to U.S. industry. As long as the basis of their economic life was the exportation of primary commodities, they would be vulnerable to the business fluctuations in the chief buying country. Latin America understood this; and, since 1930, almost every Government has aimed at providing stability and a higher living standard by the diversification and industrialisation of their economies.

Later in the Thirties, a sympathetic New Deal Administration gave Latin America assurances of help. World War II came, and all the efforts of the "arsenal of the democracies" were concentrated on armaments production. Latin America willingly co-operated with the U.S. by agreeing to a general price-freeze for raw materials, and by expanding production considerably. The high point of U.S. popularity was during the tour of Vice-President Wallace in 1943. Since the end of the war, relations have steadily worsened—the main causes being the character of the U.S. investments; the growing importance in Latin America of a politically conscious middle-class whose primary goal is to secure economic independence from the U.S.; and last, but most important, U.S. diplomacy and propaganda in Latin America.

The character of U.S. investment in Latin America is a factor that is directly related to the nature of the U.S. economy and has remained almost unchanged since pre-Depression days. In 1949, about 2,700 million dollars were invested in mining and agriculture (rubber, coffee, cacao, sugar) and less than 900 millions in public works. Most of these public works are railroads and port installations needed to ship primary commodities to the U.S. for processing and manufacturing—a type of investment not welcomed today in Latin America. In the textbook for Political Economy used by the Faculty of Law of the University of Chile, Prof. F. Herrera Lane, now a prominent economist in the Ibanez Government, wrote: "U.S. capital investment in Latin America is desirable only if it does not intensify the semi-colonial character of our economies by being used in the exclusive production of exportable primary commodities." This is a condition that has not been fulfilled. Today almost 60 per cent. of total U.S. investments in Latin America have been directly or indirectly aimed at the production of exportable raw materials. In December, 1952, a loan of $60 m. was given to Brazil for the exploitation of the manganese deposits of Amapa. This loan will be used in part to build a railroad and port installations for the shipping of the ore to the U.S., which has been guaranteed two-thirds of the total output.

Besides the nature of the investment, "tough" U.S. policy towards raw-material-producing nations has created much unnecessary bitterness. For example, early in 1952, Chile was under contract to sell 80 per cent. of its copper production to the U.S. for a top price of 27½ U.S. cents per lb. At that time, the open-market price for the metal was approximately 50 U.S. cents per lb. Chile offered some copper in Europe at prices ranging around 48 U.S. cents—only to find that the U.S. was outbidding these offers by selling at prices ranging from 31.5 U.S. cents (United Kingdom) to 45.1 cents (West Germany). During the first three months of 1952, the U.S. exported more than 67 million pounds of copper at an average price of 35.5 U.S. cents, and during this same period Chile was delivering copper F.O.B. to the U.S. at 27½ U.S. cents.

Most of such practices are only a continuation of the U.S. attitude before 1930, but today they have become a dangerous game. There is now in Latin America a strong, politically conscious middle-class that was "born" into politics during the 1930s, and associated itself with the Centre-Left groups of the Popular Front movements before the war. Since then, it has embraced the stronger and more openly nationalistic views of men like Peron, Ibanez, Paz Estenssoro, Getulio Vargas, and Velasco Ibarra. While not necessarily "Fascist and Communist", as Mr. Foster Dulles asserted last February, these elements have formed an amalgam of different political groups—unified in striving to achieve a degree of economic independence from the U.S.

Finally there is U.S. diplomacy and propaganda. On the one hand, the U.S. criticises and attacks Guatemala's agrarian reform as "undemocratic"; on the other, it openly favours and supports callous dictatorships, like that of Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, and of Odria in Peru (both signatories of a military agreement with the U.S. for the defence of "freedom"). Even the cynical offer of a frigate and 1,000 bewildered soldiers for Korea from Colombia's dictator, Gomez, was accepted by

the U.S., as if freedom required to be defended by a country that has its jails full of political prisoners. The U.S. has made it quite clear that no regime can be dictatorial enough to incur disapproval as long as the country concerned is willing to support the economic and political designs of the U.S. in the continent. Such an attitude is scarcely calculated to make the U.S. loved in genuinely democratic republics such as Uruguay, Ecuador, Brazil and Chile.

Savoyards

For the Socialist observer, there is an element of comedy in the spectacle of capitalist tigers chasing themselves crossly in the free-enterprise jungle—especially when the tigers, through their newspaper friends, treat each other to "holier than thou" homilies on responsibility to employees, duties to shareholders, and even—God help us!—obligations to a dollar-hungry Treasury. Rarely has fun of such an edifying nature been provided by the City as in the case of recent "take-over" operations, the latest of which—the Savoy—has "made" the front pages of all the national dailies—mystifying, doubtless, millions of financially uninstructed readers.

For the benefit of those not versed in Throgmorton Street technicalities, a brief account of this operation may be useful. It is, in fact, a "get-rich-quick" exercise which anybody can practise who has some capital, the right contacts in the banking or insurance worlds, and a nose for "undeveloped values." First, a company must be found, the book value of whose assets is substantially less than their value if re-sold or "redeveloped"—a process for which obviously much greater scope has been provided by the "free-for-all" established by Mr. Butler and Mr. Macmillan. Next, a controlling interest in the company's voting shares must be acquired. This will cost money, for heavy buying will force up the price of shares. But, apart from the fact that the speculator may "unload" profitably if he finally decides not to complete the operation, the shares were initially something of a bargain since, *ex hypothesi*, the "sleeping" assets were earning only modest profits—reflected in the modest price of the shares.

Control secured, the acquisitive "tiger" (appointing, if necessary, by his voting power, a new Board of directors) sells the "under-developed" assets to an accommodating bank—possibly the London branch of a New York institution holding blocked "film" sterling—or an insurance company, at a price which shows a large, and tax-free, profit. This he and other shareholders can enjoy, without interference by the Tax Commissioners, by the simple process of a repayment of capital to the tune of so many shillings a share. If the assets sold are essential for the trading purposes of the company, an arrangement can be made to lease them back from the purchasers—of course, at greatly inflated rent. That is, the company's future trading profit will have been milked into an immediately enjoyable, tax-exempt pail.

We now come to the affairs of the Savoy Hotel. Here was a company which had paid for many years a regular 10 per cent. Ordinary dividend—comfortable, not spectacular—reflected in a stock market valuation of about 26s. for each £1 share. The book value of the company's assets totalled £3.8m., but their real (or potential) value was far higher, since they included, besides the Savoy Hotel, Simpson's, Claridges, and—in a commanding corner site in Piccadilly—the Berkeley. This last property, not very remunerative as a hotel,

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had a "redevelopment" whiff irresistible to sensitive tiger noses.

Six weeks ago, the Savoy directors learned that a "big buyer" was quietly acquiring the company's shares through nominees. Presently it emerged that Mr. Clore, of Princes Investments, Ltd., was "after the Savoy"; he had (it was reported) given one of the Savoy directors a broad hint that he would like to join the Board. But Mr. Clore, it seemed, was not the only tiger in the jungle: another buyer was prowling. Indignantly, the Savoy directors asked the Board of Trade to appoint an investigator. This was done, and the investigator's report revealed that, whereas Mr. Clore held 9 per cent. of the Savoy's shares, 20 per cent. had been quietly acquired by Mr. Harold Samuel, of the Land Security Investment Trust. Tiger does not always eat tiger: Mr. Clore—at a profit, it is said, of £40,000—sold out to Mr. Samuel, who thus became the holder of a block of shares (renewed market buying raised it to 37 per cent.) probably sufficient to give him control.

The Savoy directors, however, had a card up their sleeve. Protesting that, as a hotel, the Berkeley was a valuable dollar-earner, and that its employees would be wronged by Mr. Samuel's (now avowed) intention to sell it for redevelopment as offices, they decided to "hive off" the Berkeley, together with certain other minor assets. That is, they floated a new company controlled through a small number of Ordinary shares vested in the trustees of the Savoy Staff Benevolent Fund. Substantially, the future earnings of the Berkeley would accrue to Savoy shareholders, but the "reliable"—and perpetual—trustees could veto any sale of the property. "Outrageous! *Ultra vires!*" declared Mr. Samuel's newspaper supporters, one of whom detected, in the Savoy directors' ruse, a technique which would enable a Socialist Government to alienate from shareholders all future capital appreciation of assets without the trouble of nationalising industries. City opinion seemed to be almost unanimous that the Savoy shareholders had been injuriously treated in being thus deprived of the chance of a juicy capital profit. This view the shareholders, apart from certain Berkeley Hotel servants who were given a small packet of shares for their loyalty in abstaining from the strike a few years ago, will probably endorse.

As the legality of the Savoy directors' action may be challenged in the Courts, comment in these columns might be unbecoming; and, indeed, few readers of this journal probably care much whether the Berkeley is used for costly offices or for the consumption of costly luncheons on expense accounts. Nor is the fact that this speculative operation has driven up the market value of Savoy shares from 26s. to 60s. a matter of special significance. What else is the Stock Exchange for? The serious aspect of these jungle economics is that company directors, who do not wish to be displaced by a "take-over" bidder, have a great incentive not to exercise restraint in distribution of dividends or bonus shares.

As matters stand, directors are helpless against the tiger. They cannot rely on their shareholders to support them, because the shareholders, having only a financial interest in the companies they "own," will always sell for a profit—however disadvantageous to employees or even the national interest the proposed transfer of assets may be. But it does not follow that the remedy is simply to reverse the present balance of power as between directors and shareholders. Directors should be able to act with reasonable freedom; but it is undesirable that they should be accountable to nobody for their conduct of affairs. To whom, in fact, were the directors of the Savoy responsible before Messrs. Clore and Samuel appeared on the scene? The Board was virtually self-governing. Of the seven directors, three have sat for at least fifteen years and two are children of previous directors. This little, virtually self-perpetuating oligarchy pays itself £17,000 a year. They may or may not be worth it: until two months ago there was no one to judge. The "public" company has become a public farce.

PETER SHORE

Pastoral

WHAT the frightened Vicar had meant to shout was: "Who's there? Who's there, I say? Come out!"

He stood, feet apart, at the head of the long, bare corridor leading to his bedroom, and he had this instant noticed that electric light was shining from his bedroom doorway. This was shocking. For nearly three years, no one but he had climbed the Vicarage stairs. Who could be there but an intruder?

What, in fact, he shouted was: "I warn you! My son is —" He stopped suddenly because the light was switched out and the door slammed shut. It could hardly be called a battle that he now fought with himself; it was too brief, and the drill of forty years made it too one-sided. Whatever else one might do, or neglect to do, one was not seen to run away. As he paced forward, trembling, his mind was oddly held by the memory of the bottle of fine sherry-wine they had given him as a fee for his part in a service at St. Paul's Cathedral many, many years before.

The light went on again as he flung open the bedroom door and he could see that there was no intruder anywhere. Anti-climax thumped him hard. The February night wind was sweeping in through the window he had left open. The cord with the push-switch that hung by his bed was swinging in wild arcs, crashing sometimes against the bed-rail and, occasionally, at the right angle to operate the switch.

He sat on the very edge of the bed and, still trembling, spoke to himself aloud, as his habit was in this empty house. "Forty windows my Vicarage has, and twenty-three doors." Then, when he had recovered a little, "My son is playing for England at Twickenham on Saturday. I *must* make this bed." He threw back the rumpled blankets—but got no further than that with this task which, above all others, he hated.

As he walked down the corridor again, he chanted, "For England at Twickenham. At Twickenham for England," to the tune of The Bells of St. Clement's. This helped him to exorcise the ghostly smell of the corridor: the whiff of a hundred years of ease, of lack of alarm: the smell of hot water in copper jugs, of guns newly come from the coverts, of Russian leather and patent leather, of hydrangeas and starched aprons and saddle-soap. He stepped knowingly so as to make the uncarpeted boards creak an obbligato to his chant.

There was a service to be taken that evening, he remembered. It was necessary that he should eat. At lunch-time, he had fallen asleep and, when he awoke, he had not realised that a meal had been missed. So he carried a plate into his study and set it down on his desk by the telephone. They had cut off his telephone. If you rang the Vicarage number now, a flat wailing filled the receiver—like the sound of Uriel in wrath, perhaps, or of a pinioned energumen. He knew because he had dialled from the village call-box.

On his plate were some slices of Luncheon Meat and one cold potato; by the side of his plate, a "miniature" bottle of gin. He put out his hand and let the tips of his fingers patter a melancholy little dance on the telephone. What a consolation it would have been if he could have travelled up to see the great match. To forget for a while. To be borne up on waves of excitement and pride. To see himself in his son, out there before the multitude, valiant, panting, a second-row forward. How satisfying; how *justifying*. Yes—justifying. He bowed his head. He took his fingers away from the telephone.

Yet it could not be. Useless to do the sums again that he had done a hundred times . . . the rail-fare, the hotel, the jubilant rounds; *or*, at least two new tyres and something done to the radiator to stop those clouds of steam (that way he could save on the hotel; he could doss down in the car half-way back—the other side of Gloucester, say) . . . Useless. The money wasn't there. Since his wife had died, the money never was there, could never be again. Neither money, nor the animation of peace.

"The crackling old, fading old, jolly old wireless will have to do," he said. "And they'll probably only put the second half on since it isn't professional, like that artisans' game—soccer. I must find out. Now who in this appalling village might take the *Radio Times*?"

Then, with a flashing lift of spirit, he remembered television.

Although the village was far beyond the limits of good reception, two people had sets. One, a pig-farmer called Bream; the other, the sitting Member's aunt. But she was no use to him. There had been a row, four—five—six—how many years before? The W.I. and the St. John's Ambulance had both claimed the Church Hall on the same Saturday afternoon. That is how it had started. Piffling and fierce and degrading, like all the other things. (To a newly-inducted colleague in the next Parish he had said of the M.P.'s aunt, "Soi-disant Lady of the Manor. Come all the way from Woolamaroo or Botany Bay or somewhere. And to be quite frank with you, my dear fellow, as See Oh Emm as they make 'em." His young colleague, a native of this distant county, had failed to understand quite what he meant.) But Bream now—that was different.

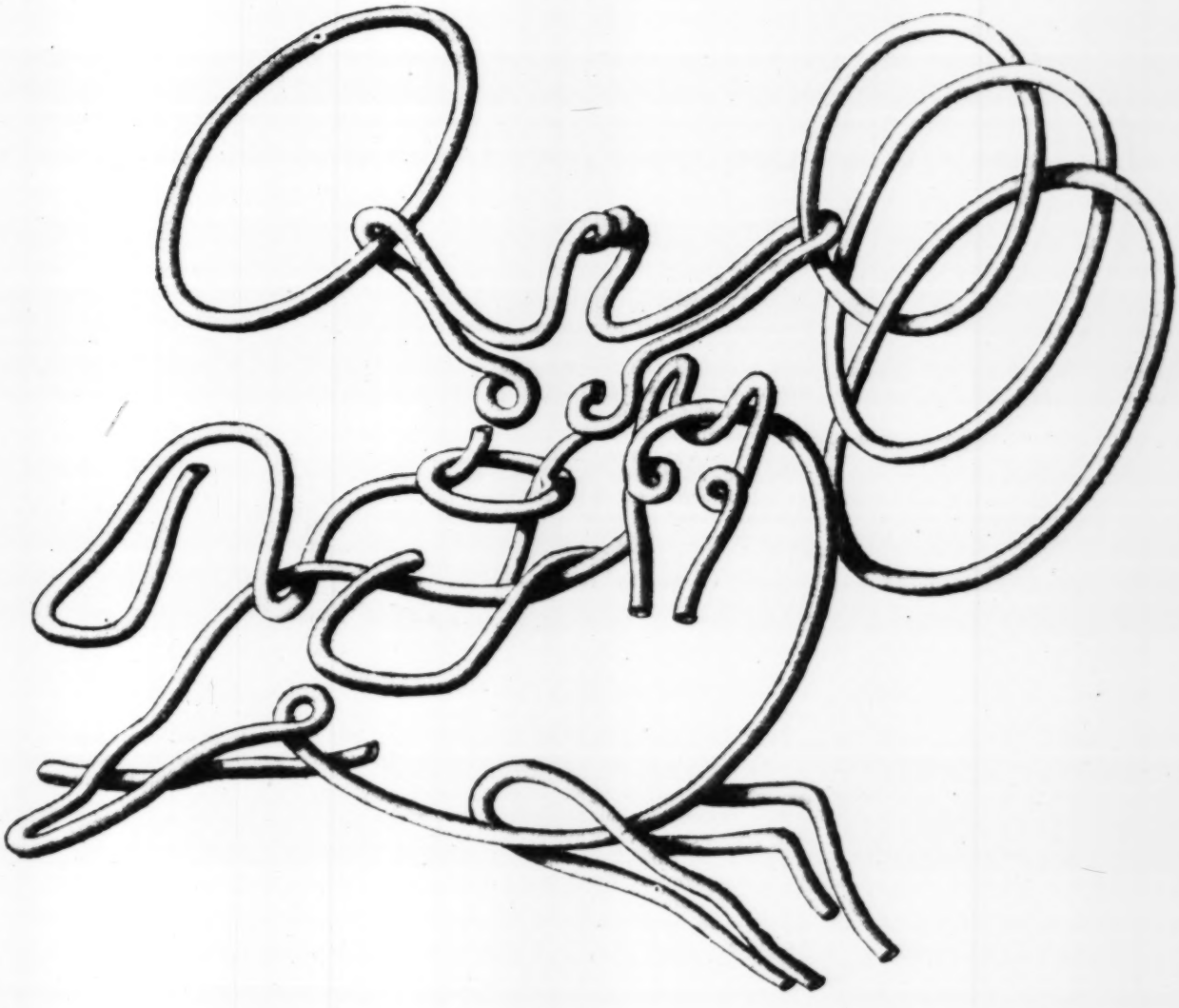
At the sound of the front door-bell, he sat up stiffly, as if bracing himself. He was badly out of practice at receiving visitors. Such as called in these latter years he blocked on the doorstep—them and their briefcases and their "Now look here, Reverend . . ." He opened the top drawer of the desk and hid away his untouched plate and bottle.

It was Bream, of all people; dressed in his best and with his lower lip thrust forward because it was the front door he had deliberately come to. Formerly, before he had prospered with pigs, he had tended the Vicarage half-acre of vegetable garden and the orchard, the wide lawns and flower-beds. All of which were derelict now, a sore sight.

"Come in, old boy!" the Vicar boomed, using his upper, his professional, register. "Come in, come in!" He clapped his hand on Sunday serge and Bream's thin shoulders twitched under it. "Now what can I do for you? How are the swine?"

In the study Bream's shallow mettle almost failed him. There was such gilt on the picture-frames, there were such thick books, row after row of them, up one wall. But a hole in the hearth-rug restored his balance. "It's this boy of mine. Going to Paris. Has to have a passport. Would you sign this paper? Says here a Minister will do. Mrs. Bream hopes you fancy chitterlings."

TI is movement



TI, through its range of manufactures, is concerned with the details of mechanical movement . . . from the speed of a plane flying faster than sound to the power of a truck shifting ten times its weight . . . from the flash of a bicycle downhill to the ceaseless activity of some very small component, so balanced that it does not appear to be moving at all.

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He put on the corner of the desk a small parcel wrapped in the *Daily Mirror*.

"*Your* boy? Your *son*? Paris? *Eh*?"

"It's this schooling. Education Committee's sending him. They're set on him going to College. Foreign languages he's to learn. I don't know I'm sure."

With one hand the Vicar took the form and with the other he fumbled about, unseeing, for a pen. His signature was scratched and grey; a blot marred his paraph.

As a penance, he now showed great courtesy to the man, ushered him, bowed him, almost, to the front door. Then, on the doorstep, he remembered. "Ha! Now!" He was booming again. "I'm going to ask you a small favour."

"Oh," said Bream on a descending note.

"You'll have read in the newspapers about my son playing at Twickenham on Saturday." He paused and smacked his lips.

Now a majority of the older men in this village had never seen, let alone played, any other ball game than kails—skittles it would be called up the country. They did their Pools, of course, resignedly, dreaming; they knew *about* football. But Twickenham for them would be an absolute null.

"I wondered if I might watch the match on your beautiful machine?"

Bream shook his head. "Pity," he said. "But we're resting it a bit. They valves, you know." He started twisting the tip of his index-finger about in his ear like a screwdriver.

"Valves!" The word burst out from the Vicar as it might be a "Halloo."

"Wife read a piece somewhere telling how valves wear out terrible. So we're resting of 'n."

"But my dear good man—surely on an extra special occasion like this!"

Clenching his teeth, Bream took a step backwards. "Good night!" he shouted. He walked several paces and then wheeled like a duellist. "My dear good man!" Then he started to run.

A few minutes later when the Vicar, puzzled and dejected, went out to crank his car to go to Church, he found that his off front tyre was flat. It was a bad moment. "Death and Destruction!" he roared against the windy darkness. "Oh Great Balls of Fire! Oh Jehoshaphat!" Past the drive gates the policeman pedalled stiffly by and did not turn his head. He had heard—but he did not turn his head, or so much as smile or frown.

Very well, then. Very well. He would pray. He would not ask that Oliver should score a try, stumbling his way over with three men in a vain clutter upon him, and the crowd hysterical: or that he should gallop half the length of the field, head back, superbly alone: or that, in the last seconds of the game, he should plunge, open-eyed, at the toecaps of a howling rush on his own five-yard line . . . No. No. That would be childish (but Lord God how wonderful!). Nothing like that. Nothing out of Newbolt. He would simply ask with all his heart that Oliver should have a good game: that his son should be—his son.

Fool! And worse than fool! Was he to be like one of those damned peasants, shuffling in the hot sun to some shrine in the rock; belching garlic as he set up a candle before a vulgar oleograph; mumbling his popery in trust that his sow should safely farrow? Pooh! Fudge! What an empty stomach will do to a man! He sighed a deep sigh as he got himself down on to his knees on the blue-stone Vestry floor. "Oh Almighty God who into the place of the traitor Judas did'st choose thy faithful servant Matthias to be of the number of the twelve Apostles: Grant that thy Church, being alway preserved from false Apostles, may be ordered and guided by faithful and true pastors; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." Composed, he went to toll the bell.

The Misses Pinfold hurried like blown leaves down the hill. To assiduity and punctuality, they firmly believed, they owed their office of cleaners of the Altar silver. Mrs. and Miss Harbour walked firmly but slowly. They limped in step, though only the daughter was lame.

In pews some thirty yards apart, the two pairs of women waited for the Vicar to come out from his Vestry to fill for them this high, solitary place.

VERNON JOHNSON

School in Pelota

EACH year the University of Hispaniola holds summer courses. This year they chose the charms of Pelota, and I went out there as a group leader, with fifteen students. The day after our arrival at our pension, which had a notice in every room saying "THOSE TO REQUIRE BATHING PLEASE TO NOTICE THE CHAMBERMAID," the course was formally opened, and later there was a Wine of Honour in the town-hall. On a raised platform at the back of a magnificent room, about fourteen dignitaries gravely addressed the students, whose eyes strayed constantly towards tables groaning with food and drink. The harangues lasted two hours, and were mostly concerned with an exchange of regional courtesies. A Hispaniolan dignitary would, with many bows towards his Pelotan colleagues, refer to the inexhaustible treasures of Pelotan culture—the churches, the incomparable scenery, and the simple hospitality of the people. Thereupon a Pelotan dignitary would rise, thank his colleague, and refer to the inexhaustible treasures of Hispaniolan culture—the churches, the incomparable scenery and the simple hospitality of the people.

A musical festival came first; it was provided by a choir and the Orchestra Hispaniola Symphonica. The choir, which performed in old and reverend buildings, was by itself wonderful enough to have drawn three hundred students from all over the world. The Symphonic Orchestra was in a different class, and more uncertain. Its first performance was conducted beside the spot-lit Cathedral under a velvet sky and was awaited with great excitement. However, the concert was mainly devoted to tea-time music and a bit of Greig, and the cymbals never stopped. After the concert I spoke to the editor of the *Pelota Echo*, and asked him why they hadn't played native music. We had all wanted to hear the music of Pelota. "The orchestra would have collapsed," he said curtly. "The conductor comes from Tokyo."

The Course was held in a building near the Cathedral, and began at nine o'clock every morning, continued until eleven, and recommenced late in the afternoon until dinner time at nine. At first everyone attended, including the English. There were lectures on Baroque theory, Military Ethics in Hispaniola in the 17th Century, Minor Pelotan Poets and the Restoration of Religious Buildings. All the lectures were delivered in Hispaniolan. Not one of my students could speak a word. The Indians could applaud in the right places, the Swiss cheered, the French made notes, and the Germans even gargled questions; but the English simply sat there looking miserable and rather angry. This went on for a week and no progress was made, in fact one of my students even persisted in calling an elderly chambermaid "Señor." Finally they dropped out, one by one, and only turned up for the official excursions and festivals. All except for one old lady called Miss Beams.

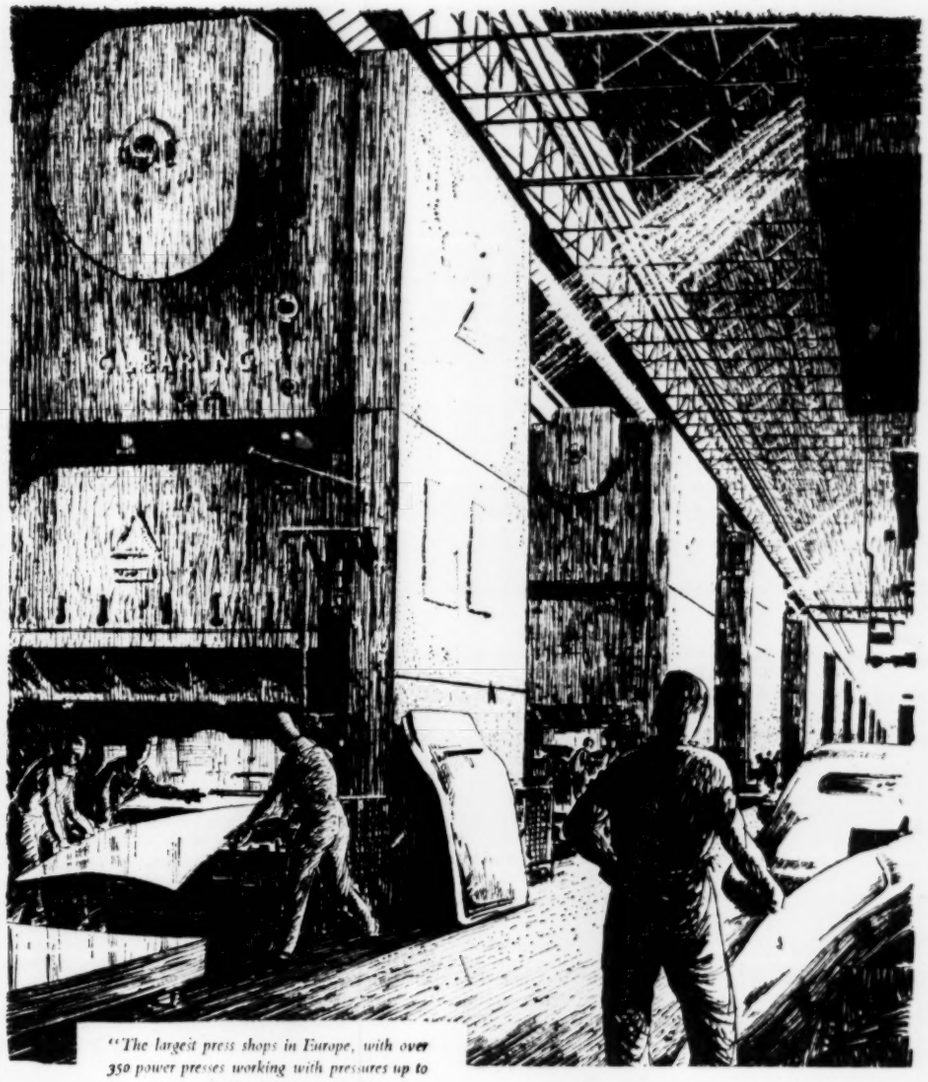
When all of us, except for Miss Beams—tiny, white-haired, very shy, who hardly spoke to anybody, and whom nobody noticed—drifted away from the course, she sat bravely on through discussions about Economic Tendencies of the Restoration, Secular Plateresque, and Graeco-Roman influences on Pelotan culture. We were drawn towards the sea; you get to it in a tram. They are very old trams, and the windows, roof and platform move about independently. Frequently the current doesn't work, and then the tram waits patiently for an hour or so, like a tired horse. In one of the trams there is a notice: "LADIES! YOUNG LADIES! IF YOU FETTER WITH 36 SIZE TO OUR LATEST PUMP SHOES BE INVITED!"

The beach at first seems delightful, intimate, surrounded by hills, dotted pines and white holiday houses. But you can hardly get into the sea for rocks, and when you do, you come back covered with tar. A little way out is an island. Since there are no conveniences anywhere, it is used as a Gents by those who can swim. In the beach-bar is a notice in four languages. The English one says: "PLEASE TO TAKING BATHS DECENTLY AND NO DISHONEST BASKING." Police and coastguards stand about on rocks watching for dishonest baskers, and when one of these criminals enters the bar, the barman shouts and rushes forward with a robe.

So far, we had punctiliously attended the Summer Course Wines of Honour given by the Friends of Pelota, the Symphonic Orchestra, the Friends of Hispaniola and the Nautical Society. We arrived early and stayed late. "So English!" cried a Japanese student gaily. Occasionally we visited the University buildings to look for mail, and Miss Beams was always there. Notebook in hand, nodding her head as the lecturer made his points on Pre-Roman Influences in the Bay of Podellsa. "Got to admire her," said one of the students called Browning. But eventually we abandoned even the Wines, and the group broke up and practically disappeared. Two girls sailed off to the mainland, in love with doctors; Browning and another man started climbing mountains; a third man vanished into the underworld; one girl was invited to stay in a convent; and quite a respectable woman was abducted.

On the day before our return journey began, the Course was officially closed in a palace. I had asked all my students to attend this. "Out of decency," I had said. Also there was a Wine of Honour offered by the Friends of Pelota. Diplomas and certificates were to be offered, speeches made. In some way, we were nearly all there, the woman who had been abducted looking none the worse for her experience. After flattering references had been made by the Hispaniolan dignitaries to the Pelotan climate, wines and prevailing winds, the diplomas were handed out. To our amazement the name of Miss Beams was called. Browning and I helped the dear old lady to her feet, and she tottered along to the platform to receive her diploma. She looked so frail and aged a student that all the dignitaries shook her by the hand, and started making congratulatory speeches all over again. When she came back, we took her to one of the tables. They were littered with bottles provided by the Friends of Pelota. We plied her with drink, and looked at her magnificent diploma. "This certifies that Señora Beams has qualified *Cum Laude* in her studies of the Hispaniolan language." It was only then that we discovered that she was stone deaf.

ANTHONY CARSON



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The Arts and Entertainment

NOTHING WRONG WITH THE DOVE

MR. PETER USTINOV'S amusing, gay, witty new play at the Savoy provides yet another example of the danger of judging plays by the first night performance. After delighting audiences in Sheffield, Oxford, Birmingham and similar "provincial" centres, *No Sign of the Dove* is booed off the metropolitan stage and dismissed as crashingly bad by about every metropolitan critic. Faced with these facts the average London reader who had not seen the play might suppose that *No Sign of the Dove* was what is sometimes referred to slightingly as a provincial play—which is to say, something too naive for the cultivated Londoners but good enough—in its simple way—for the unsophisticated yokels who live outlandishly in less blessed centres of population.

The opposite is true. In any other circumstances one might have carelessly said that *No Sign of the Dove* stood little chance in the provinces, but was sure to be a London success: for here the chief characters, a literary brother and sister joined together in a sort of mutual admiration society, might be expected to have a point which could escape the provincials. In fact the point seems to have escaped the first night gallery who began mocking the play in the very first act; and a comedy of some delicacy and lightness cannot stand up to that kind of treatment. A play only exists as a relationship between actors and audience. In his admirable guide *The French Theatre of Today* (Harrap, 12*s.* 6*d.*)—a book which I can thoroughly recommend for its full analysis and fair-minded assessments—Mr. Harold Hobson quotes Salacrou's reflections after the failure of one of his plays:

> A play does not begin its life at the last rehearsal but on the first evening of its presentation to the public. A poem is born in solitude with a pencil and a piece of paper. A dramatic poem begins to breathe only before the public, with the public.

If the public is not breathing with a play, that play may seem a failure and be written off as such. This clearly is what happened on the London first night of *No Sign of the Dove*. On the second night, as I can testify, it was quite different. The play had an audience which began to enjoy itself at the very beginning and continued to enjoy itself all the way through. And consequently on the second night with a sympathetic audience the play "went" in a quite different way.

But I still find it difficult to see what the first night audience found to dislike so much in *No Sign of the Dove*. For it is a highly entertaining, extravagant comedy acted with great delicacy and subtlety by a brilliant cast, and most wittily and stylishly set (by N. Benois). The play is placed in the country seat of the D'Urts and it opens in an extravagantly decorated Russian rococco room, where "the Master," Sir Mohammed D'Urt enthrones himself and is paid the court which he regards as his due by his sister Niobe and a young peer who is buying his way into the literary world by losing large sums on floating literary magazines. It cannot be said that these characters are entirely fantastic, and they are played with a fine comic elegance. Miss Beatrix Lehmann is the sister, a turbanned poetess twitteringly confident in her brother's genius: Mr. Raymond Huntley is the Master accepting his dues with a rich throaty artistocratic indifference: Mr. Robin Bailey contorts himself into the most abject of knots in accepting the patronage of the truly great. The most crashing of all Central European bores is of the party, a sharp caricature by David Kossoff, and behind this ballet of literary absurdity beautifully spun out, crosses and recrosses the eccentric old father dressed in oilskins and carrying now an axe, now a coil of rope, brilliantly done by Miles Malleson. Altogether this is comic acting at its best.

As in later Shaw, the apparent irrelevancies of this act begin to make sense in the second and third when we find that the Flood is once more creeping up on the world. While the absurd old father goes solidly on preparing against it, the literary ballet has moved to the upstairs landing and is diverting itself, and us, with a bedroom farce. There are five doors off the landing, four leading to the bedrooms and one to the bathroom. Add a strikingly handsome wife for the young peer and two divorce detectives hidden behind the curtains, and then imagine the doors and the combination of personalities used with comic invention and skill, and there is a very funny second act brought to the end only by the rising of the Flood on to the last stair but one.

In the third act the party is driven on to the roof-top from which they can see their neighbours stranded on their roof tops, the Bishop of Luton on that side, a manufacturer of disinfectant fluids on this. In the face of disaster—for the waters are still rising—the party behave with characteristic selfishness, and the old father denounces them and sails away on his home-made ark. But the moralising is not overdone and, above all, the comic invention is unflagging to the end. This kind of play, loose in construction and free in invention, is by no means easier to write than the more formal kind of piece. It must retain its inner unity in the face of temptation—so strong in the case of a man as bubbling with ideas as Mr. Ustinov is—to wander off in pursuit of every hare that it puts up. Much more successfully than sometimes before Mr. Ustinov has in this play held the reins firm. The large public which enjoyed *The Love of Four Colonels* would enjoy this play just as much, if not a great deal more, as I did. It would be a great pity if they were put off by that most incomprehensible body; the first night gallery.

T. C. WORSLEY

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JEWISH AND OTHER PAINTING

AT the Redfern there is an exhibition of 18 *Russian Emigré Artists in Paris*. Most of them were born in the Eighties or Nineties and arrived in Paris during the first or second decade of this century. Such men as Chagall, Soutine, Mintchine, Mane-Katz, Zadkine, Chapiro. What however gives the show a special interest and unity is that all these artists, except one, were Jewish. Jewish art has certain very specific characteristics which are the result of Jewish history: of their persecution and of the pride with which they have withstood persecution. Because these émigré artists in Paris lived in desperate poverty and at the same time were profoundly convinced that they could contribute something special to the new, then revolutionary art that was being born there, their work demonstrates these characteristics very clearly.

First, there is the question of mood. Jewish art is essentially nostalgic. But nostalgia is usually the result of boredom or languid regret, whereas in Jewish art it is the result of acute suffering and intense yearning. Jewish nostalgia does not imply the sense of something hopelessly lost, but rather something almost hopelessly desired. The only way I can put it, is paradoxical—it amounts to a nostalgia for the future. Paradise became the Promised Land Early Chagalls are exhilarating—in a way ordinary fairy stories are not—just because you feel that one day, once in a blue moon, they might really happen.

Secondly, there is the question of sensuousness. Jewish art is invariably passionate, rich and colourful. Yet it never records straightforward sensuous pleasure. Behind its sensuousness, there is always a feeling of almost patriarchal, often tragic, responsibility: the sense of an Isaac stripped for sacrifice, rather than a lover for love. Even in the Song of Solomon nearly every image somehow implies vulnerability and transience. It is so deeply moving because it is not just a song of possession but a song of images treasured against loss.

Exactly the same qualities are reflected in these paintings. Every object, person and landscape has, on one hand, been passionately made a treasure, and, on the other, dissolved in time and flux. All the figures are seen as though in memory, the landscapes appear as changeable as the sea, the still lives become ironic stage properties of Plenty—reminiscent of the rich cloaks that Rembrandt threw over the shoulders of beggars to paint them like patriarchs. Looking at these pictures, one can feel again the process of their painting: the indefinable ache that the subject produced in the artist, the assuagement of each brush stroke until finally the excitement of relief superseded the stimulus of pain, until finally the promise of the object hid the fact of it.

To assess such work, if one responds to its impetus as strongly as I do, is difficult. Painting, in its central tradition, is a rather sober and patient affair. These artists were almost hysterically intoxicated, and hopelessly impetuous. Curiously Soutine, who was perhaps the most desperate, was the most integrated in his best work—as though for him artistic organisation was a matter of survival, the only safeguard of sanity.

It is interesting to compare the paintings at the Redfern with the seven canvases by Lorjou—here an unjustly unknown French artist—at the Adams Gallery. Lorjou is also a passionate painter. His colours are screwed up to maximum intensity (unfortunately the gallery light distorts his colour values: they are not as wild as they seem) and his paint is thick and positive—in one still life of a turbot the paint, in terms of density and texture, is so like the flesh of the fish that one can imagine it being filleted off the canvas as from a bone. But the inspiration of Lorjou's passion is quite different. Just as his forms, a horse and cart, an ox head, a kitchen table, a sunflower, are drawn four square—are posed, as it were, with arms akimbo, so the source of his passion is essentially secure, solid, domestic. This is not to suggest that Lorjou is a shopkeeper's painter—his large figure subjects, not shown here, are bitingly satirical and radical: it is to emphasise the advantage for a painter of having a sense of belonging, a sense of husbandry. Lorjou's clawing cock is Chanticleer, not, as it would have been had it been painted by Soutine, the one that crew thrice. And in the end Chanticleer is more paintable.

At the Lefevre John Minton is showing a few oil portraits and a whole new collection of foreign landscape watercolours: this time of Morocco and Scandinavia. Minton himself becomes more and more humble in his work, but that is no reason for us to underestimate him. He is a genuine artist who has climbed down (passing many of his contemporaries going up) from his early pretensions. He will not shake the world. But I am sure that his work will find a place in what we call our Topographical, which is really also our Poetic, tradition. Only in one or two of these new pictures do any of Minton's old linear mannerisms remain, for the most part he has now made a true synthesis between his use of line, tone, flat and atmospheric colour: a synthesis a little reminiscent of that found in hand-coloured

botanical engravings. His skill in organisation is proved by the fact that he can make an unsentimental picture of the most unlikely subject—a fairy tale fjord, for instance. His imaginative insight is proved, amongst other things, by his exact evocation of temperature. One feels very precisely the sun-lit coldness of the water in the fjords, the absorbed ancient warmth of the walls in Morocco.

JOHN BERGER

HANS HEILING

SINCE 1925 the Oxford University Opera Club has been bringing worth-while operas to our attention. Last week it offered something particularly inaccessible and particularly enjoyable: Marschner's *Hans Heiling*. It dates from 1832, eleven years after *Freischütz*, eleven years before *The Dutchman*. It is a magic opera, in the *Zauberflöte-Tannhäuser-Frau ohne Schatten* line; and it presents what is perhaps the first tragic hero in romantic opera, Hans Heiling, baritone, King of Goblins, half-demon and half-mortal. In the Prologue we see Heiling yield to a strange prompting which urges him earthwards. On earth he meets the beautiful Anna, dazzles her with jewels, and wins a promise of marriage. For love of her, Heiling, now somewhere between Faust and Mephisto, renounces his supernatural powers by burning the magic book which has frightened her. Cut off from the goblin world, he trusts that with her he will find happiness—but then Anna falls in love with a young ranger, Konrad (the tenor). After an encounter with Heiling's formidable mother, the Queen of the Earth Spirits, Anna realises that she is betrothed to a goblin, and renounces him for Konrad. The furious Heiling regains the confidence of his goblin subjects by promising a true daemonic revenge; with his crew he appears at the wedding-feast of Anna and Konrad. A relatively happy ending is effected by the Queen, who appears, a *dea ex machina*, and orders Heiling to leave earth and return to rule his Nibelheim.

It needs only a little imagination to see in this frustrated hero with excellent intentions a little of Wotan; to see in the immortal who wished to taste human happiness a little of Strauss's Jupiter; to see in the hero torn between two worlds a little of Tannhäuser. Obviously Heiling, as a type of romantic hero, was influential. In the theatre the dramatic treatment seems a little more bald, the characterisation rather less subtle, than the promising story would suggest. But there are some memorable things: a scene where the jilted Heiling is mocked by the goblins he had deserted; a scene where his vengeful feelings falter on hearing, off-stage, the blessing of the newly married Anna and Konrad. The most impressive moment of all is the encounter, face to face, of the light-headed peasant girl and tremendous Spirit Queen.

There are three things which make *Hans Heiling* enjoyable in its own right and not just historically important: the ambitious treatment of the hero's character; the sureness with which strong dramatic situations are handled; and the charm of the music. In the goblin scenes there is a real attempt to create atmosphere. The Prologue is a long, continuous movement, followed by a Nicolai-like Ovèrture. Goblin choruses, off-stage church music, an on-stage village band, scenas, strongly characterised ensembles—it is all immensely varied and delightful. Spotting likenesses was not too hard: Gluck and Weber on the one hand, on the other Wagner and Sullivan (I believe Sullivan heard and admired *Hans Heiling* in his youth). I don't suppose the opera could ever join the repertory; but I hope the B.B.C. will not allow us to forget it altogether.

A good deal of the Oxford performance (the first in England, by the way—and praise for Peter Branscombe's excellent translation) was well sung, with Barbara Rawson (Anna), Thetis Blacker (Queen), Jack Townend (Heiling) and Arthur Wasserman (Konrad) in the principal roles. The extremely good orchestral playing which Jack Westrup secured showed us how well

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Marschner could score. The production, by Alistair McIntosh and Graham Thorne, was the Club's best since the war. I have never seen the intractable Town Hall stage so cleverly used, an amateur chorus so animated, or an Oxford scene so well lit.

ANDREW PORTER

THE MOVIES

"Torch Song," at the Empire
"The Bigamist," at the Marble Arch Odeon

To say that Miss Joan Crawford is in *Torch Song* is to put it mildly: she *is* it. Without her there's only another leg and larynx show going into rehearsal, Technicolor, peeps and hitches behind the scenes, and a leading lady of vile temperament first shrieking at and then tiptoeing to embrace the blind pianist who, in melodrama of this kind, cannot possibly be other than her fate.

With Miss Crawford, all changes. Not that melodrama becomes less melodrama, rather it is multiplied a hundredfold. Her bedroom is a stage in itself, from which daylight is excluded by three sets of curtains, to be pulled one after another; horribly, it's Sunday, with no rehearsal to be late at for twenty-four hours; Miss Crawford's tempestuous longings in the circumstances exceed those of Cleopatra for an absent Antony. In this same bedroom she will also give—in, as it were, tremendous asides—the boredom concealed by galvanic energies, the sob at the heart of success. She has everything, success and failure, loneliness, acclaim, tenderness and cruelty—age, I was going to say, and youth—all to be crowned by the love of a good blind man. There is never any possible sequel to a Crawford film: if one should try to envisage the volcanic happiness of this pair, producing bigger and better shows and perhaps a large family, imagination would be utterly defeated. We need Miss Crawford always before our eyes, a need which in *Torch Song* she isn't reluctant to satisfy. All the scenes are her scenes, and every moment tends to be magnificent: most magnificent of all, perhaps, is her octaroon song with its final instant when, thrusting into the camera an enlarged mask like that of some Malayan deity, she grabs off her wig to reveal blonde fury. *Torch Song* even adds to the fun with a little at its own expense. Miss Crawford suddenly explodes with boredom: "We'll have a party!" she decides; telephones ring, and there's the room filled with twenty-five men and Miss Crawford. There's something about her of Little Bo-Peep, tigers, and Lizst concertos that should not—on this occasion, at any rate—be missed.

Miss Ida Lupino also has a line in melodrama, but hers, being about commercial travellers, bigamy, and babies without a name, lacks the grand gesture. The bigamist (Edmund O'Brien) has the task of overpersuading us that any decent man would have done in the circumstances as he did; his wife (Joan Fontaine) drives him to it with a coldness that only masks maternal longings; Mr. Edmund Gwenn pads about like a mixture of Maigret and Uncle Holly; Miss Lupino serves in a Chinese restaurant and quietly holds the baby, an example to all Other Women; and even the judge is sorry to pass sentence. I'm afraid it is all too tender and dull for us to care what conclusion, if any, may be drawn.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

DR. OPPENHEIMER'S Reith Lectures, *Science and the Common Understanding*: one's first impulse is to tip one's hat hastily and then dash across to the far side of the road as fast as possible. For this is surely the most difficult set of Reith Lectures the common listener has yet been invited to hear. That is not, to any degree that makes a difference, Dr. Oppenheimer's fault, even though it does strike me, both from listening to him and from consulting the printed scripts in *The Listener*, that his style is at times over-involved for purposes of exposition. The real difficulty Dr. Oppenheimer indicates himself when, speaking of the discovery of quantum theory, he said: "As history, its re-creation would call for an art as high as the story of Oedipus or the story of Cromwell, yet in a realm of action so remote from our common experience that it is unlikely to be known to any poet or any historian." So remote from our common experience: that is the point. One cannot even say that, listening, one is voyaging with Dr. Oppenheimer through strange seas of thought. It is Dr. Oppenheimer who has done the voyaging, but what he has seen lies quite outside anything most of us are ever likely to know or be able to imagine. There, in a way, lies the fascination that keeps one listening. The story of atomic discovery, Dr. Oppenheimer says, "has recalled to us traits of old wisdom that we can well take to heart in human affairs." It is for an expansion of this that I am waiting, and of such *obiter dicta* as that thrown out in the first lecture that "the general notions about human understanding and community which are illustrated by discoveries in atomic physics are not in the nature of things wholly unfamiliar" and have in Buddhist and Hindu thought a central place.

The bulk of radio programmes must always be substitutes for other things. Occasionally, in the least likely field, one finds a programme doing something that could scarcely be done in any other medium. There was an instance last week: Mr. T. O. Beachcroft's *Musicks Duell*, a study of Crashaw's poetic style. It was a first-rate piece of literary criticism, and what made it so exciting was that it could have been done only in radio: for once it was the printed word that would have been the inadequate substitute. For Mr. Beachcroft was able to make his point about Crashaw's style, to define it and disengage its quality, by inviting us to listen again and again to readings, either of excerpts or of the whole work, of a single poem, *Musicks Duell*, together with readings of poems on the same or related themes by John Ford and Shelley. It was an instance of close criticism, not of meaning so much as of sound. Mr. Beachcroft had a fine phrase for Crashaw's style: "brilliant impalpabilities"; and by his use of radio he showed, for me at any rate, that "baroque," as applied to seventeenth-century poetry, was not just a rough-and-ready vogue-word but had exact meaning.

Miss Mary Hope Allen's programme *Miscellany*, broadcast in the Home on Sunday nights, could certainly not be done in any other medium. I find it delightful, a very civilised divertissement. It can best be described as a montage of verse and prose readings and music; the separate items, unrelated to one another, gain curiously from the context in which they find themselves; and since the titles are not announced beforehand, much of the pleasure one has listening to this programme comes from the unexpected juxtapositions, the sequence, to take an example from a programme the other week, of Ralph Hodgson, a Dorothy Parker short story, an excerpt from Sir Max Beerbohm, a poem by Wytter Binner and a letter of Horace Walpole's.

I don't normally think that the Third Programme is the right place for adaptations of novels, for one assumes that listeners to the Third can read. All the same, I very much enjoyed Mr. Donald McWhinnie's version of L. H. Myer's novel *The "Clio."* It shows a side of Myers that appears in none of his other, better-known work and was written, as he once told me, to prove to friends who had challenged him that he too could be gay and light. It is a conversation-novel in an exotic setting very much in the tradition of *South Wind* and Richard Oke's *Strange Island Story* (which might also repay Mr. McWhinnie's scrutiny). The adaptation was excellent, and there was some very good acting, notably from Miss Betty Hardy, Mr. Antony Jacobs, Mr. Cecil Trouncer and Mr. Denys Blakelock.

WILLIAM SALTER

"The Orchard Walls," at the St. Martin's

Miss Valerie White gives a most assured and persuasive performance in the (on the face of it) unpromising part of the Headmistress of a Girls' College in a Cathedral town. Mr. R. F. Delderfield does with this play something all too rare in the English theatre: he takes a subject—education and an adolescent love affair—which deserves to be treated seriously, and treats it so, without trying to sugar it over with facetious interludes and constant comedy touches. Perhaps it is a criticism that his progressive Headmistress turns out to be one of those people who are annoyingly always in the right. But her opponents are not presented as mere dummy in-the-wrongs. Mr. Colin Douglas, for instance, makes the local editor who is also a school Governor into a most human and real person. Miss Gillian Lind is a decisive old-fashioned assistant Head. The two young people who flutter the dovecotes of Mellingham for forty-eight hours are nicely taken by Dorothy Gordon and John Charlesworth; and Mr. Cyril Raymond very good naturedly hangs about waiting to wind up the threads. An honest, sober, good-hearted little play that is, all the same, never dull.

T. C. W.

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Correspondence

HANDS AND BRAINS

SIR,—In your issue of November 28 Mr. Henn complains that "incomplete or misrepresented versions" of his speech to the conference on medical education have given me "certain (I imagine false) impressions." I should like to make it clear that I was referring to *The Times* report of this speech. Among the welter of "causes of failure" listed in his letter to you are several factors inherent in my argument. It would be a pity if our disagreement about where there is greatest incidence of nervous breakdown caused our agreement on the need for remedy to be forgotten. For remedy there must be.

Mr. Henn's awareness of the pressure of competition, felt by so many students, should not go by unheeded because he observes that pressure in one group more than another. The intensity of competition has grown with the increase in numbers of those reading for an Honours Degree. In the "good old days" few men had to bother about what class of degree they achieved. Those who had to bother about it (or about a scholarship to a public school) quite often broke down under the strain, but they were numerically less important among the many carefree "pass-schools" men of their time. Now a much greater number of students are in the position of those scholars—the difference between the first and fourth class degree desperately emphasised. They are frequently unable to switch to a more suitable subject lest they lose valuable time and preparation.

Mr. Henn teaches and examines students; they come to me for psychological help. He is in a position to make recommendations both to academic and parental authorities. I am not. Yet, should he do so, he will meet with certain resistances and misapprehensions that are my daily experience. Let me enumerate the worst of these:

1. That neurosis can be treated by anyone with kindness and common sense.
2. That parents, guardians, etc., are all reasonable, charitable beings.
3. That the fit survive, in universities as elsewhere, and that the weaklings would go under sometime, anyway.
4. That a person with psychological trouble can, like someone with a physical ailment, consult his doctor and be directed to the best help.
5. That treatment outside hospitals by non-medical psychologists is a dangerous and unnecessary luxury.
6. That secrecy and the possibility of anonymity is superfluous, and that anyone desiring this has no character.

PENELOPE BALOGH

SIR,—May I add my support to Mr. A. F. Philip's suggestion that there might be a place for some form of student counselling? I suggest that there is a place for a counsellor or psychological advisor with training in psychotherapy who acts in a liaison capacity, working in close co-operation with tutors and with the psychiatric services, yet able to guarantee the essential privacy to students who consult him or her personally. At the University College of Leicester a psychological service is now in its sixth year. It is organised mainly for graduates training to be teachers but is also open to undergraduates and to members of staff. The counselling and psychotherapy are carried out by a psychologist who is a member of the staff of the education department, while the more serious cases are referred to a psychiatrist who visits once a month for diagnosis and treatment.

We are concerned not only with freeing the student to benefit as far as possible from his studies, but also with the effect of his personality on the next generation. In a small college without a medical department it may well be the education and social science departments that appear the most concerned with the mental health of their students since these are shortly to become teachers or social workers. Some Training Colleges are also becoming interested in the scheme. Perhaps Institutes of Education might undertake the organisation of such services for their areas.

MARY SWAINSON

University College, Leicester.

UGANDA

SIR,—Your comment of last week does scant justice to the separatist wishes of the Buganda, for which there are at least two excellent reasons.

First, if Uganda is administered as one unit, their rate of political progress will be tied to that of the primitive tribes of Kigezi and West Nile, which is absurd.

Secondly, the industrialisation of the country is introducing a Settler problem. This does not directly affect Buganda province, since the climate there is not suitable for permanent White settlement. But much of the Ruwenzori neighbourhood, where the new copperbelt is being developed, resembles the Kenya highlands; there are already a handful of settlers in the Fort Portel area, and a reinforcement of White mineworkers will create a sizable community of White residents.

Past experience has shown that such a community invariably manages to secure a disproportionate share of political power; and if Uganda is under unified administration, this power will extend over the purely African province of Buganda. I feel that the Labour Party's colonial experts should explore the possibility of a federal constitution for Uganda itself; this might go far towards resolving the present difficulties.

J. D. SOLOMON

12 Park Avenue, S.W.14

RED VIENNA

SIR,—I have been much interested in R. H. S. Crossman's article on "Red Vienna, 1953," and the subsequent letter from Mr. Prager, and I should like to add something to their disagreement on housing conditions in Vienna.

I think that when Mr. Crossman was impressed, as I was, by housing in Vienna, he probably had in mind, as I had, some comparison with slum housing in London.

During the winter of 1947-48 I had occasion to visit 12 old-age pensioners in various districts in the British Zone of Vienna. Their names were given me by the Welfare Office of the Town of Vienna, by Caritas (a Catholic organisation) and by the Protestant Home Mission. These organisations claimed that they were among the poorest people on their books in those districts.

I have some knowledge of slum tenements in Southwark and Camberwell in 1925-27 and I have recently heard with sorrow from Miss Spinley's recent study, *The Deprived and the Privileged* (1949), that the conditions which I knew still exist in some parts of London. With this standard in mind, I was immensely impressed by the housing conditions I saw in Vienna, and I must point out that the flats I visited were not among the famous model flats of the Twenties and Thirties, and that post-war housing was only just beginning when I left Vienna in 1948.

The first thing I missed in the Viennese flats was the smell. There was not a sign of the old familiar mixture of hot, stale biscuits, white mice and dirty lavatories. The staircases were all clean and quite light. There was often only a communal tap on each floor, but it worked and was clean. The communal lavatories on each floor were discreet, behind doors which worked. I never saw a lavatory door hanging on one hinge to disclose the horrors which I knew of old. The tiny flats themselves were neat and bright. Only once, in a street near the gas works, did I notice a smell, and even then it did not penetrate into the living quarters.

I have no doubt that the "ameliorative measures" (as the Communists call them), taken over a long period by the Austrian Socialists in housing alone, have played a large part in the defeat of the Communists in Austria, who could only poll a 5 per cent. vote in 1953. Nothing cuts the ground from under the feet of the Communists like sound Socialism actively applied. Tories and readers in the U.S., please note.

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GERM WARFARE

SIR,—Sir George Thomson's letter only raises old questions which have already been answered elsewhere. I also had my experiences during the last war. One was the cognisance, as a British official of the allegations by Chinese scientists (as, I believe, justified), under the Kuomintang Government, that experiments in bacteriological warfare were being made by the Japanese. The methods used in the Korean war were their logical extension.

I wish rather to refer to matters more important than the disputed accuracy of past newspaper reports. Preparations for bacteriological warfare are being intensified in the United States. The current number of *Science*, America's great scientific weekly (1953, *118*, 584) reports the transfer of Camp Detrick, Maryland (so far as is known, the world's largest bacteriological warfare plant) from Government control to private enterprise. Thus pestilence is now to become a paying concern. The only criticism which *Science* makes is that the scientific staff were not consulted before the changeover was announced.

The refusal of the American Government to sign the Geneva Convention causes civilised scientists serious disquiet. This past summer, at Rome, with many Americans present, the following resolution was unanimously passed: "The VIth International Congress of Microbiology, confident of interpreting the thought of all microbiologists, expresses its view that the science of microbiology should have as its sole aim the welfare and progress of humanity; that all microbiological research should be directed to this end, and that all countries should adhere to the 1025 Geneva Protocol."

The briefest comment on the whole situation has been in homely transatlantic idiom.—"Anyone who keeps a skunk as a pet must expect accusations when objectionable odours are detected in the neighbourhood" (*Feder. Amer. Scientists Newsletter*, 1952, No. 3, 1).

JOSEPH NEEDHAM

Cambridge.

[Our own conclusions on this long controversy are stated in a leading article this week.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR THOMAS MORE

SIR,—Since Mr. Trevor-Roper has introduced my name, rudely and irrelevantly, into his article, "Books in General," may I offer two reflections?

Why does this contributor write so very often about the Catholic Church, a subject on which he is conspicuously ill-informed? Sometimes one has to read three or four paragraphs before striking the howler which reveals the quality of his scholarship. This week three lines suffice. "On July 6, 1535," he begins, "Sir Thomas More went, with Bishop Fisher, to the block. They were the first English recusants."

St. John Fisher was a Cardinal at the time of his execution. This occurred on June 22, not on July 6.

Among men of education "recusant" has a limited and useful meaning. It has nothing to do with high treason and the denial of the monarch's spiritual supremacy; it simply means refusing to attend Anglican Church services. But even in Mr. Roper's loose employment, he has got his facts wrong. The protomartyrs of the English Reformation suffered on May 4 of that year—the Brigettine monk, Richard Reynolds, and the three Carthusian Priors, John Houghton of London, Robert Lawrence of Beauvue and Augustus Webster of Axholme.

Later, among the strange jumble of speculations and misstatements, Mr. Roper truly remarks that in the last century the English Catholic Bishops were chary of encouraging men of their faith to take University degrees. Can he wonder at this when he himself presents the spectacle of a tutor in Modern History who clumsily and offensively attacks the Catholic religion?

Piers Court, Nr. Dursley, Gloucestershire. EVELYN WAUGH

GOSPEL TRUTH

SIR,—Until the last paragraph of his long review of our *Nazarene Gospel Restored*, Mr. H. L. Short writes of "Mr. Graves's book" and "Mr. Graves's theories." Then he adds hurriedly: "His collaborator Mr. Podro appears to be an expert in Hebrew and Aramaic."

This is all very queer. A responsible reviewer entrusted with a long, well-documented book about the original Aramaic oral teaching held to underlie the *Greek Logia* (which in turn underlie the canonical and apocryphal gospels), should not only credit the joint authors with equal responsibility for the argument, but should be able to decide at once how much Aramaic, Hebrew, Syriac, Latin and Greek they command between them. It is therefore a safe wager that Mr. Short could not even write his name in any ancient Oriental language; though whether his Greek is up to scholarship standard cannot be determined because he avoids all display of it.

He cannot even correctly report what he reads. We offer Talmudic and early Christian evidence that the Virgin was called "Mirian M'Gaddla" meaning "She who braids" (the tassels of the Temple Veil); Mr. Short reports this baldly as "Mary Magdalene." We suggest after careful quotation of the prophets and the *TESTAMENT OF THE TWELVE PATRIARCHS* that Jesus's "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come," at Cana of Galilee, referred to his royal vow not to drink wine until the *YAYIN HA-MESHUMMAR* should be served in the Kingdom of Heaven. Mr. Short reports the phrase as meaning that "there was no carnal indulgence" in Jesus's relations with the Mary addressed.

The wholly ironical résumé of our findings, which he substitutes for an act of honest criticism, serves to disprove his own critical position; though he refers to "Christ," not "Jesus," which argues him some sort of a Christian, he accuses us of "blunting the rationalist weapons." Does he believe that Lazarus rose from the dead? If so, why does he think that this miracle occurs only in John though the Synoptics mention cures of much minor ailments as fever, stuttering and menstrual irregularity? If not, how does he account for the primitive and circumstancial elements in the story? And why does he laugh at us for regarding the "Neglectful Servant" parable in Luke XII as a midrash on Proverbs VII 6–27? And if he does not regard "Lebbaeus" as a polite euphemism for Judas son of James, nicknamed "Thaddeus," how does he explain it? And if he cannot accept our view that the parable of the Talents has been manipulated by Pauline editors, how does he read God's anger with the servant for not breaking the Mosaic Law against usury, a law which Jesus himself regarded as eternal?

Mr. Short refers with deliberate vagueness to Samuel Butler "who assumed that the stories meant what they said." Which Samuel Butler, or which stories, we are left to guess. But if we are right in guessing "Erewhon" Butler's *Fair Heaven*, a critical study of the Resurrection, in which Butler was trying to piece together a simple story from the wholly irreconcilable Gospel accounts, does Mr. Short think that these were not intended to mean what they say?

His almost psychotic behaviour fascinates us; if only because an "eminent New Testament scholar" published almost exactly the same type of review in the *Church Times*, inaccuracies and all, three weeks ago and, when offered £5 for his favourite Church charity if he could lay his finger on three historical blunders (as opposed to obvious misprints or doctrinal heresies) which invalidate our argument, refused the challenge and preferred to remain anonymous. We now offer Mr. Short £10 for his own personal expenditure if he can first clarify his critical position and then detect those three blunders. Since the book contains half a million words, the offer is a fair one, and we will not even put him on his honour to do this little piece of homework without consulting the Higher Critics, whom he impertinently accuses us of neglecting.

ROBERT GRAVES
JOSHUA PODRO

TRADE UNION OFFICIALS

SIR,—Divisional Officer's letter in your issue of November 28 is astonishing. He is apparently quite unaware that two trade unions cater for T.U. officials—the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union and the Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives and Technicians. In fact, two of the C.A.W.U. Branches are known as T.U.P.S. (Trade Union and Political Staffs) and have a number of T.U. officials among their members. Only a tiny fraction of those eligible, however, are members of either union; most belong only to the union for which they work.

It really is time that trade union officials acted as trade unionists and ceased to rely solely on "staff committees." Executive committee members do not automatically become perfect on election, and a staff committee is no more than a company union unless backed by an independent trade union.

31 Platt's Lane, N.W.3. JOAN M. MINEAU

NO ANARCHIST?

SIR,—Mr. Gallacher's letter, which sets out to correct your contributor Mr. Ostergaard on a matter of fact, is confusing. It means either (a) that it is untrue that Mr. Gallacher was ever an anarchist, or (b) that it is untrue that he *started his career* as an anarchist.

Against (a) we have the fact that there are still some people who remember his anarchist phase, that he attended the Anarchist Scottish Conference in 1912, that he spoke on the anarchist public platform in company with G. Barrett, A. Max and a Porter, that he is mentioned in the anarchist journal *Freedom* as a contemporary comrade (Vol. XXVI No. 282).

As to (b) Mr. Gallacher may well have *started his career* elsewhere, and used the anarchist movement as a springboard in the course of his career.

11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3 TONY GIBSON

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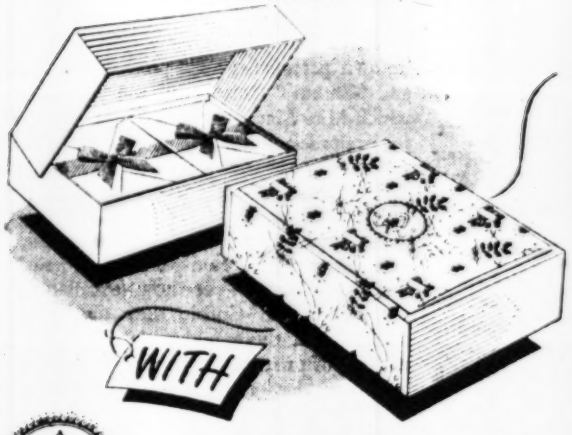

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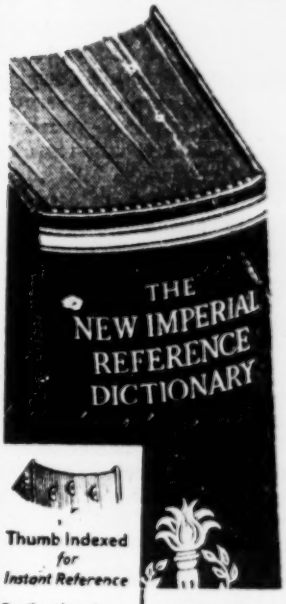

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Books in General

RUINS enter the imagination in dual terms, which is to say both as the last phase of a chronicle—a residue in time—and as broken architecture—a residue in space. The effect is therefore double-profiled. There is evidence of disaster and there is the physical result of disaster and although evidence and result are united in the same object they are not the same thing. Each has its own particular grip. There is, I think, no question that the ruin as a residue in time works more powerfully on the imagination than the ruin as a broken building. Yet this latter condition has merit. Paradoxically, it is in a ruined building and only in a ruined building that a structure may be seen *as a whole*, inside and outside together at the same moment, and under no other conditions can a building occupy the mind with such voluptuous effect. A half-completed building might give the same result, but in practice it does not because it goes up steadily and evenly till abruptly completed at the top. But the building which, once finished, has had its flank bashed in—where part of the vault, complete in local detail, hangs in space, where the relation of buttress and vault is apparent as a felt, not merely an understood, correspondence and where the inner planes of the building shift in visible relation to their outer counterparts—there indeed is architectural power wonderfully intensified. One need hardly add that no buildings yield such high æsthetic dividends to the ruinator as vaulted Byzantine and Gothic churches—and especially the latter, where compound pier and ribs may epitomise in one junction the whole of a vanished transept. Hence the irresistible glory of Fountains and of Jumièges. The Parthenon has been bashed in, too; but there is little gain in this penetration. One recalls only that tension has been loosed, rhythm destroyed.

But if, as broken architecture, ruins may sometimes be superbly eloquent, there is nothing here like the sheer force they can exert at another, more obscure, more primitive level. I have a suspicion that fear—irrational fear—is at the bottom of the whole ruin business. Nobody who has not been properly frightened in a ruin and who does not, in his inmost heart, expect the worst to happen every time he crosses the threshold of a deserted building can enjoy ruins very much. Mercifully, the worst rarely happens; otherwise ruins could not be endured. To get a thorough and appalling fright it is not necessary to be clutched by the throat in a crypt, to come upon a rotten corpse hanging from a tie-beam or to meet an absolutely indisputable ghost. There are other things. A cat can do the trick, appearing from nowhere and streaking off to nowhere else; or a pigeon making an involuntary coo which could be a devil's interrogator clearing his throat; or a rat, staring from the rim of a cornice. Ah! that chill ("I am not alone!"), that sudden paralysis, that contraction of the scalp which may or may not have the physical effect of elevating the hair—there is the essence of ruin-magic. And it can happen, too, with no other agency than one's own thoughts. One stays in a ruin too long, pre-occupied; then suddenly the draught of loneliness and hostility sweeps in. The sense of wanting to run out of a ruin and go on running a mile without looking back is very remarkable—a kind of paranoia, no doubt. Indeed, is not the whole thing a question of paranoia? A ruin is not only a mutilated structure but a mutilated part of the human situation. It is incomplete, useless, purposeless. But it is there. Some part of our nervous system starts jittering and fumbling to make the situation whole, but succeeds only in fabricating shadow-situations and images, usually of a villainous kind. A cat, a pigeon, a pile of rags or even the outline of a damp stain on a wall may start up an emotional hubble-bubble which, if not promptly cooled by common sense, boils over into panic.

If the root of the matter is something of this sort, it must be admitted that the sap of fear travels only a little way into the overgrowth—the interminable bush of intellectual, sentimental and theatric ruin-play whose extent and varieties have so fascinated Miss Rose Macaulay that she has written a book about them.* The overgrowth is certainly curious, vastly entertaining and sometimes—but how rarely!—poetic. How very little of the literature of ruins, when all is said, contains any real evocation of the several kinds of experience ruins can give. From the seventeenth century (and Miss Macaulay has found little relevant writing before that) nearly all is moralising and sentimentalising. Poets affect to be moved either by wickedness avenged, glory departed or power defeated—sentiments which earlier ages may have found more striking than we find them today but which only serve to excuse, never to probe or even record the fascination of ruins. The detail of ruin-poetry is usually of the most perfunctory kind. The wild-life these writers pretend to find in ruins is totally inefficacious. Take Dyer's portentous lines in *Grongar Hill*:

> 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode
> 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;

Transparently, the raven was chosen because he is black and croaks and the toad because he is traditionally ugly (toads in ruins are, in reality, rather comfortable omens). And stuffed symbols of this sort occur with ludicrous frequency for a century. For the real thrill of animal-life in ruins one must go back to that enigmatic work of the fifteenth century, the *Hypnerotomachia*, where the stillness of a ruin is evoked by an allusion to the sound of lizards running over the masonry. There, while the Renaissance was still so young that it thought of ruins primarily as valuable quarries, you have the real thing. But then, to the fifteenth century ruins were still so much the furniture of an evil dream that the awakening was necessarily poignant and vivid.

Painters, from time to time, have dealt more profoundly with the ruins at their disposal. There is a delicate, faintly erotic sensitivity about ruins in the backgrounds of fifteenth-century Italian paintings. Claude understood the calm of ruins, Poussin the electric sense of treasure-trove and it was only with Pannini that they began to become prettified—Rococo exercises in the disposition of architectural breakage with appropriate weeds. But then came Piranesi. He had the real paranoiac sense of wonder. His weeds and peasants may follow the Panninesque convention but he has a way of making a ruin explode with its own personality: his plate of the "Horatii and Curatii" tomb on the Appian Way, which Miss Macaulay reproduces, is a wonderful example; and in his plates of the Paestum temples he revealed to a whole generation of architects his peculiar vision of the *terribilità* of Greek Doric.

How gentle and tame, after Piranesi, seem our topographical ruin-painters—Girtin, early Turner, Cotman—yet how excellently they understood the Gothic they drew, dwelling patiently on those nodal details from which a vision of pristine glory spurts like a fountain; and how they relished the "inside-outness" of a ruin, the play of light through and through a roofless carcase. It is rather odd, when you come to think of it, that not a single English painter has endowed English Gothic ruins with anything more sombre than moonlit melancholy. Of the old, morbid terror not a trace. All we feel is a pastoral serenity, broken if at all by nothing more cataclysmic than a break in the weather.

Miss Macaulay has called her book *Pleasure of Ruins* which is a very English title, wholly justified by the caustic complacency with which she views her subject. She is no worshipper of ruins and she would not stand any nonsense from them. She is curious about them but a great deal more curious about the way people have felt about them through the ages. Extremely fascinating is her search for ruin-sentiment in the long periods when it was not in fashion; not less so her collation of evidence about the periods when it was. She must have seen a fabulous number of ruins with her own eyes but is far too skilful a writer to betray exactly when she is with us in person and when she has slipped us over for the moment to some other conductor. Geographical limits there are none. At one instant we are on the site of Troy, at another in some jungle-fast city of the Mayas; now in the streets of Pompeii, now in those of old Goa, Ormuz, Silchester or the precints of Delphi or of Angkor Vat.

All these, all the great sites of classical Antiquity, many of the Orient and some in Yorkshire valleys or among Welsh hills go to build up this long, extremely pleasant book—a book in form by no means unlike some noble lapidary ruin: each stone an essay, each chapter a craggy, dry-jointed wall of indeterminate height, and one great big chapter, with Rome at its core, towering over the whole. The book ends with a brief "Note on New Ruins." Miss Macaulay does not think much of them. And in the last half-dozen lines she makes a confession which all but the hopelessly decadent and enervate must applaud. She prefers her buildings whole.

JOHN SUMMERSON

* *Pleasure of Ruins.* By ROSE MACAULAY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25s.

ESAU AND JUDITH

Robbed of his birthright and his blessing
Esau sought refuge in the wilderness,
An outlaw girding at the world's deceit.
He took to wife Judith, daughter of Heth,
Tall and grey-eyed, the priestess of her grove.
The curse lay heavy on their marriage-couch.

She was that sea which God had held corrupt;
Her tides he praised and her curvetting fish,
Though with no comprehension of their ways;
As a man blind from birth fondly adores
Fantasies of imagined gold and blue.
The curse lay heavy on their marriage-couch.

Yet how might Esau strive against his blood?
Had Isaac and Rebekah not commanded:
"Take thee a daughter from thy father's house!"
Isaac who played the pander with Rebekah,
Even as Abraham had done with Sarah?
The curse lay heavy on their marriage-couch.

ROBERT GRAVES

THE IMAGE AND THE VIEW

I seek now to compose
This country of my mind,
Which I built long ago
In an extended dream,
With what it is to them—
The men who live and tend
The vineyards of the place,
Who watch through every season
In mood that is half passion,
Half deepest contemplation.

And I would test the scene
That stood before I came
(Hills softly rising to
A round completed view)
With what I built long since—
A country which a child
Could animate and build
With images enough
To reckon up his love—
And make them both convince.

For as we can impose
Our image upon those
We fashion into love
And in the fusion make
Two separatenesses break,
So with a place felt for
In dreams or visions or
Conjectures of the mind—
What we have shaped can be
With what we see combined
In one identity.

So now this Italy,
Approached by mind and heart,
Can never separate
From the old dream. For look
The men are walking through
The vineyards now and take
Their place within the view,
And grope within our vision
(Half love, half contemplation)
For us to make them true.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

THE GIFTS

My gentle Mother, before I wed,
Sent these gifts to me,
A crimson saddle edged with gold
And a steed from Barbary;
A tiger to follow at my side,
A peacock cloak to wrap my bride.
Four hundred Masses for my soul,
Red flowers for my bed;
A measure of corn in a wooden bowl
A chaplet for my head.

I tethered the steed in bitter grass,
Put the tiger in a filthy cage,
Dropped the flowers in a frozen pass
And trampled the cloak in a jealous rage.
I lent the corn in shameful loans
And used the Masses to warm my bones.

JOHN HEARNE

HOW MANY TRUTHS?

The Creative Element. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

The Emperor's Clothes. By KATHLEEN NOTT. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

After I had read these two serious and important books, two quotations came into my mind. The first is from Dr. I. A. Richards's *Science and Poetry*, now almost thirty years old:

> For centuries, countless pseudo-statements—about God, about the universe, about human nature, the relations of mind to mind, about the soul, its rank and destiny . . . have been believed; now they are gone, irrecoverably; and the knowledge which has killed them is not of the kind upon which an equally fine organisation can be based.

The other is from a lecture of Professor Trilling's, in which he echoes a conclusion about modern literature which preoccupied George Orwell:

> . . . it is in general true that the modern European literature to which we can have an active, reciprocal relationship . . . has been written by men who are indifferent to, or even hostile to, the tradition of democratic liberalism as we know it. Yeats and Eliot, Proust and Joyce, Lawrence and Gide—these men do not seem to confirm us in the social and political ideals which we hold.

Professor Trilling could have pushed his list of writers much farther back, certainly as far as Flaubert and Baudelaire, who are seminal figures here as in so much else; Flaubert with his belief that the world had entered the period of *muflisme*—swinishness, Baudelaire with his "The world is about to end. Its sole reason for continuance is that it exists." Increasingly, as traditional beliefs break down and the conditions of human life are reshaped by the findings and applications of science, we have "such pathetic spectacles," to quote Dr. Richards from *Principles of Literary Criticism*, "as Mr. Yeats trying desperately to believe in fairies or Mr. Lawrence impugning the validity of solar physics."

Such is the background to Miss Nott's and Mr Spender's books. Both write as poets and as liberal democrats, and Miss Nott is also a philosopher. I think there is no need to waste time on the connection between *The Creative Element* and Mr. Spender's pre-war book of criticism *The Destructive Element*. The creative element he defines as

> the individual vision of the writer who realises in his work the decline of modern values while isolating his own individual values from the context of society. He never forgets the modern context, in fact, he is always stating it, but he does so only to create the more forcibly the visions of his own isolation.

The creative element in this sense is seen at its most striking in Mr. Spender's book in the figures of Rimbaud, Rilke, Yeats and Lawrence, those heroic beings whose works are not so much personal mythologies as personal cosmologies and who were, in relation to them, their own gods. One of their archetypes was Blake, whom Mr. Eliot once called a resourceful Robinson Crusoe. The remark and its maker are relevant here, for Mr. Eliot, in *The Waste Land* at any rate, represents together with Orwell's *Nineteen-eighty-four*, what Mr. Spender calls "anti-vision," the recognition of the failure of the individual vision to create values that are more than personal. Mr. Eliot's work is the bridge by which we come to what Mr. Spender sees as the dominant phase in contemporary writing, orthodoxy, the return to the interpretation of man in terms of Christian theology; this he examines mainly through the work of Mr. Evelyn Waugh, in what is the justest appraisal of that novelist I know.

Mr. Spender is not in any usual sense a good prose writer. He is often, it seems, needlessly involved, needlessly obscure; "thinking aloud" is the expression that comes to one's mind as one reads him. Yet from the very manner of his prose something of real value emerges, something immensely attractive, the quality expressed in

ARTHUR BRYANT

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COLLINS

Mr. Graves's poem *In Broken Images*, which begins :

> He is quick, thinking in clear images ;
> I am slow, thinking in broken images.

and ends, the consequences of these contrasted modes of thought having been developed, with the lines :

> He in a new confusion of his understanding ;
> I in a new understanding of my confusion.

Mr. Spender might be the "I" of Graves's poem ; and his book has resulted in a new understanding of at least this reader's confusion about a complex and difficult subject.

Miss Nott's book is not easy reading for rather different reasons ; one is the way of her approach to her subject, which is the way of logical positivism, the other her concern to be scrupulously fair to her opponents and not to claim too much. This is the more impressive because her intention in *The Emperor's Clothes* is polemical ; she is out to controvert and expose what Mr. Spender calls the new orthodoxy and she calls dogmatic orthodoxy as expressed in such works as Mr. Eliot's *The Idea of a Christian Society*, *Notes Towards a Definition of Culture* and *Four Quartets*, the criticism of Professor Basil Willey, the popular theological writings of Mr. C. S. Lewis and Miss Dorothy Sayers and the more recent novels of Mr. Greene. She has written a formidable book. For her, the revival of orthodoxy represents black reaction ; it is a retreat from the scientific tradition of the last three centuries ; its end is authoritarianism. Her especial target is what she calls the Two Truths theory, "the assumption that because we do not know something, and indeed cannot know it by our normal means of obtaining knowledge, we are therefore in a position to know something else by some other means." Her own attitude she states thus :

> All I mean is that what we call scientific method is the way we discover reality ; that discovering reality is our most important business as human beings ; and that poets will write bad poetry if they neglect or misconstrue our most important business.

The new orthodoxy is, in a word, obscurantist. Like President Coolidge's preacher, she is "against sin," though for very different reasons, and she very skilfully dissects with her semantic scalpel the idea of original sin as restated by Hulme and the theories of Mr. Eliot ; when she comes to Mr. Lewis on miracles and Miss Sayers on the mind of the creator she wields her scalpel like a meat-axe.

The impressiveness of *The Emperor's Clothes* comes largely from the sense one has that Miss Nott is afraid of nothing and will shirk nothing. She accepts Mr. Eliot's celebrated theory of the split in sensibility which occured in the seventeenth century, though she accounts for it very differently ; and this leads her to make a most interesting parallel between Milton and Mr. Eliot as poets and very cogently to defend the great Romantics, in whose best work, she maintains, the split in sensibility is healed.

The highest praise one can give to Miss Nott's book is to say that in her Mr. Eliot and what he stands for have a worthy antagonist. Yet, accepting no orthodoxy myself, in the end I cannot think she makes her case. For, in the end, whether we like it or not, we are faced with the great figures of modern literature from Flaubert and Baudelaire to Rilke, Joyce, Lawrence, and Yeats and Eliot, reacting as vigorously as may be against the world that has grown out of scientific method. It is idle to say they ought not to have reacted against it ; they did. Their reactions doubtless gave rise to many "pathetic spectacles" ; and yet—could we have had Yeats's poetry without his desperately trying to believe in fairies ? Does the mumbo-jumbo invalidate the poetry that sprang from it, or does the poetry justify the mumbo-jumbo ? Yeats is here typical of the great modern writers. I hope in a future book Miss Nott may measure herself against such questions. Or do they merely lead one back to the Two-Truth Theory ? I suspect they lead us to the Several-Truths Theory.

WALTER ALLEN

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THE GOLDEN HINGE

Canada : A Story of Challenge. By J. M. S. CARELESS. *Cambridge.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Canada : The Golden Hinge. By LESLIE ROBERTS. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

Nation of the North. By D. M. LEBOURDAIS. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

The Wind and the Caribou. By ERIK MUNSTERHJELM. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One of the most dismal routines of the war correspondent is the duty of interviewing soldiers newly arrived at the front and not yet committed to battle. Such interviews compel their participants to share a moment of horror : it occurs when the sidling reporter asks, in the deep male growl he has assumed out of shame and for protective colouring, "Well, how do you feel about it ?" There is a silence like barbed wire, and then somebody, usually a sergeant, cottons on : it isn't a real question, just the old newspaper lark, the cue for a piece of national theatre. So if he's a British sergeant he replies deadpan : "The job's got to be done, and since we're here we may as well do it properly." In similar circumstances, any U.S. sergeant can be relied upon for an ideological piece dedicated to his home town, and any French one for a line or two of gallant old-soldiers' *m'en foutisme :* within a few seconds the soldiers get the hang of the game and soon all are happy exploring the art form, and the ordeal is over.

This formula failed only with the Canadians. For them there was no moment of horror and no ordeal. They were not interested in character parts : they played it straight. The young sergeant of the Princess Pat's, asked how he felt about going to war, roared back, "You may take it that the part played by Canada among the nations here will be second to none and better than most." And that was his authentic voice.

Professor Careless, in his history, and Mr. LeBourdais in *Nation of the North*, give satisfying explanations of that voice's peculiar timbre, its toughness, confidence and aggressiveness and its note of rabid nationalism. Mr. Roberts's book is written in that very voice and is mainly concerned to explain its new note of exultation. Mr. Munsterhjelm offers no explanations, but his simple and vivid account of his day-to-day life as a trapper in the far North makes the miracle of Canada's survival as a nation credible. Such an environment must breed a sort of genius for survival.

As long ago as 1901, a Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, "in a moment of sublime faith," according to Mr. LeBourdais, claimed that the twentieth century would be the century of Canada. Only now, within the last year or two, has it begun to look as if he might have been right—but for reasons of which he could have had no inkling in 1901, when the two main agents of Canada's success, the aeroplane and the twentieth-century's huge appetite for metals, were infants of no account. The note of exultation in Canada's voice is very natural. It is as if a farmer who'd pursued success the hard way for many years on land two-thirds of which was frozen desert, harried by governmental interference all his life, torn by family dissensions, and under heavy pressure to sell his lease to his rich neighbour in the South, should suddenly, all in a week, make peace with his family, throw off all the shackles of government and strike gold in vast quantities in the desert part of his holding.

In his *Canada*, Mr. Roberts pursues this theme with all the zest of a man who woke up yesterday a millionaire :

> A survey of the relationship of the United States and Canada, reveals the unescapable fact that, for the long pull, the United States' need of Canada and Canadian friendship is greater than Canada's need for the United States . . . In establishing itself as the greatest power in the free world, the United States has exhausted most of the natural resources on which its power has been built. Canada, on the other hand, possesses a treasure trove of wealth which cannot be matched in the Western World.

Mr. Roberts goes on to list this wealth, and a formidable inventory he makes of it : the world's greatest potential supply of aluminium ; most of the world's nickel, bitumen and asbestos ; fabulous supplies of oil and iron ; America's only dependable supply of uranium, besides vast forests and fisheries and enough wheat every year to feed 100,000,000 people.

Mr. LeBourdais, an eighth generation Canadian, sees in this development of the Northern deserts the saving not only of Canada's economy but even of her identity. As late as 1951, the Massey Commission could declare : "Our population stretches in a narrow and not even continuous ribbon along our frontier—fourteen millions along a five thousand mile front." So long as that was true, Mr. LeBourdais says, Canada might never expect to be a great country or even remain an independent one, but it is no longer true. All the same, Canadians must now exercise all their astuteness to avoid coming under the unconscious domination of the United States.

They will need all their astuteness and intransigence, for the capital to develop these riches must come from the United States, and the American point of view pours over the border in a flood of words and sounds. Mr. Roberts says, "Canadians listen to American radio and those who live along the border look at American TV. Canadians read American magazines, often in preference to their own. The news of the world which they read is funnelled to them through American copy desks, and much of it is "slanted American." They look at American movies. The newsreels they watch often assume that the audience is in Portland, Maine, or Oregon, by speaking of events happening in the United States as taking place in "our country."

All these trends and tendencies are brought under review soberly and lucidly by Professor Careless, whose account traces each strand of sound in the Canadian voice back to its points of origin. The touchy nationalism, as much the

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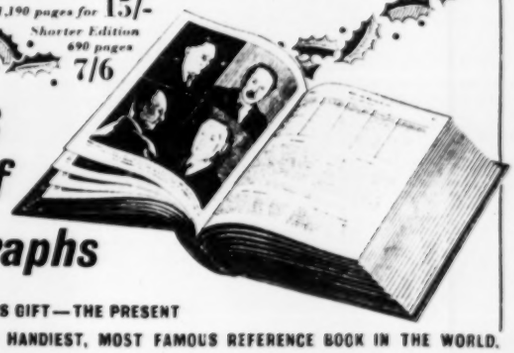

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result of France's early indifference to the fate of her colonists, as of Britain's jealous colonialism or American pressures: the toughness, the gamblers' reckless temper born in the frozen deserts where, as Erik Munsterhjelm laconically recounts, a three-day run of bad luck any time may mean death by hunger and cold: the strength and obstinacy which is the result of success in combining scattered settlements of farmers into a nation against all the facts of geography, race and language. The voice of Canada has become polite and civilised when it speaks in Professor Careless's book: at the end of it he records "a surprised and measured satisfaction that so much has been accomplished in the face of such grave difficulties."

RENÉ CUTFORTH

THOUGHTS ON TOLSTOY

The Hedgehog and the Fox. By ISAIAH BERLIN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 8s. 6d.

Isaiah Berlin dwells in that strange borderland, the history of ideas, especially of ideas displayed in literature; and one sometimes feels that he has more ideas than all the historical authors whom he sets out to illuminate. Voltaire no doubt had him in mind when he wittily remarked, "it is neither literature nor ideas nor history." Something rather in the nature of an intellectual firework display, appropriately published in November. Mr. Berlin is lavish with his gifts. In this little book of eighty pages, he starts enough themes to last another man a lifetime, though by now he is doubtless off on quite a different scent.

His essay treats ostensibly of Tolstoy's view of history. But it starts with a penetrating idea on Tolstoy himself. Let us divide writers into hedgehogs and foxes. "The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing." The foxes chase after everything in the world, never aiming at a single point, never acquiring a single vision. The hedgehog is dedicated and dominated, for him everything must revolve round a centre. It is easy to agree that writers fall into the two classes of those for whom the heavens have opened and those for whom they have not. Pushkin, for example, was a fox; Dostoevsky a hedgehog. But what is Tolstoy? Mr. Berlin gives a brilliant answer which carries him through most of his essay: Tolstoy was by nature a fox, who believed in being a hedgehog. He had an incomparable gift for creating a picture of real life, building it up from endless details of individuals and events; and when he was off his guard he sometimes implied that if we could know every tiny happening, we should understand the causes of events. But when he pulled himself up and became conscious, he regarded this view as wicked. Somewhere there must be the secret of the universe, which was more than the sum of its parts. This secret always evaded him; and he became the more destructive of the answers given by others, because he had failed to find one for himself.

The experienced reader of *War and Peace* will find this a convincing explanation. *War and Peace* is a work of propaganda, as well as the greatest historical novel ever written. It aims to show that men are never in control of events and indeed that the more they seek to control them, the more futile they become. Napoleon is the butt of *War and Peace*; Kutusov, waiting for events to decide things for him, its saint. But Tolstoy cheated on the historical record, as Mr. Berlin makes clear. He suppressed anything which told in Napoleon's favour; and he drew a picture of Kutusov, which, as he himself knew, bore no relation to the real man. The Kutusov of *War and Peace* is not a historical figure. He is a symbol of the truly wise man who senses the underlying nature of the universe. He is what Tolstoy wanted to be and never succeeded in becoming.

Where did Tolstoy get this doctrine of underlying truth from? This is the second of Mr. Berlin's ideas: he got it from de Maistre. Mr. Berlin shows that many of the historical details come from de Maistre's correspondence. More than that, de Maistre, the reactionary aristocrat, was sceptical of the modern world. He doubted all its values, yet knew there was no going back. Tolstoy carried this forward into complete "negativism." He tore to pieces all the easy explanations of his contemporaries and hinted that he alone had the answer; yet he neither revealed nor even found it. This is a view of history only in a very abstract sense. The poor workaday historian is out of his depth. History is the record of how people behaved, and we ought to be content with it. At least it is all we have. If you want something more, you must ask the old-style philosopher, now almost extinct in this country. And at this point, Mr. Berlin obliges us. The divine *afflatus* descends upon him. The sentences get longer and longer, the thought soars higher and higher, and what had begun as an essay in literary criticism ends as an utterance of the Delphic Apollo.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

WHY GIDE WROTE THE BIBLE

The Return of the Prodigal; Saul; and Five Treatises. By ANDRÉ GIDE. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

When the schoolboy Gide was being prepared for Confirmation, the good Pastor Couve would speak of nothing but the voyages of Saint Paul, or the number of the Prophets; till in desperation André began to read the Bible. Suddenly everything was explained: his love for his cousin Madeleine, the thoughts he had and the thoughts he would come to, were all perfectly understood by the Prophets and the Saviour! For thirty years, from *André Walter* to *Numquid et tu . . .?*, he devoted a large part of his creative powers to eliciting the real presence of Gidian doctrines in the Scriptures: he wrote the Bible.

The seven works in the present volume, like *Les Nourritures Terrestres*, about whose frontiers they are situated, have a dual purpose; they concern the simultaneous necessity of two apparent opposites, absolute liberation and absolute sacrifice. The same paradox is present even in *Les Nourritures Terrestres*; for that "manual of evasion" teaches a hedonism which, so frugal are the pleasures it recommends, can only be achieved through the most extraordinary austerity. So, when the Prodigal Son returns home, it is to help his younger brother to escape; while Saul perishes for want of abnegation, disintegrated by his fulfilled desires, a prisoner of freedom. We can only be saved (or become ourselves) by metamorphosis, by abandoning all we possess, whether it be our favourite virtue or our favourite vice. When Gide presents this theme in terms of the Bible he suggests that it is itself Biblical, that such was the intention of Christ and the Prophets. "Everything has already been told; but as no one listens, we must always be beginning again." And he wrote the Bible not only to show his dead mother, and his wife, and Claudel, that he was justified, in all they reprobated, by their own sacred book; but to free it, and the mind of western man, from the dead hand of the eternal Pastor Couve.

We mustn't forget, however, that Gide's "treatises," like any other works of art, must be judged not by their message but by their aesthetic success. In Dorothy Bussy's translation, as in the original, there is not a page without passages of ravishing beauty. Her *Saul* is a play which ought to be considered by West End managers, or at least by the Third Programme.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

TREASURE SEEKERS

The Impossible Adventure. By ALAIN GHEERBRANT. *Gollancz.* 16s.

Jivaro. By BERTRAND FLORNOY. *Elek.* 15s.

My Amazon Adventure. By SEBASTIAN SNOW. *Odhams.* 15s.

There is a certain lust in travelling which we all know from Stevenson's remark, that to travel hopefully is better than to arrive. The lust takes its revenge upon those whose minds are intent on the place they wish to reach, and who ignore the scenery through which they must travel in order to get there; and not even the discovery of a real Golden Man would long satisfy one bitten by the dream of El Dorado.

Among the three travellers whose books are here reviewed, even the most accomplished of them confesses the deadly attraction of the dream. "Had we contracted," writes Alain Gheerbrant, "the pathological urge to search for buried treasure? After eight months of careful planning and scheming, at the end of only a week of practical operations, here we were: going up river when we ought to be going down."

Neither of the two treasures up river delayed him long. One was a mythical hoard of Inca gold; the other was a huge white cliff on which animals and human beings were drawn. Down river lay the true purpose of the expedition, which was to lead him and his party from the Orinoco to the Amazon basin. The adventures they lived through were impossible in different ways. Not only did they manage to cross jungles abominably full of life, travel down rivers in full spate aboard small canoes, and escape various deaths—death by drowning, death at the jaws of ravenous piranhas—but they also travelled through country no white man had ever seen before, country that even the Indians warned them against. But there was also a subtler kind of impossibility, that of making friends with men who had every reason to be hostile and suspicious. What is remarkable about Mr. Gheerbrant's book is that he never personally triumphs when intimacy over-rides mistrust; he may get the better of people, but only by getting the best out of them. In situations like these the traveller must be as bold as the folk-hero who may only come to the hidden treasure after he has let himself be swallowed by the monster who guards it. In this sense, Mr. Gheerbrant's most

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impossible moment was when he met a party of Guaharibo Indians who had never before accepted friendship from white men. They were hostile and uneasy, but being determined to be friendly he ignored both their fears and his own ; and they accepted his overtures as soon as he had bartered his trousers for their bows and arrows.

Mr. Gheerbrant has, however, no base longing to live the simple life, even though his El Dorado is in part a search for that Original Man we may all most directly see in the lives of savages. "Those that want to return to our origins," he writes, "forget one thing : to be like the Guaharibo one must accept the original commandment of life without enhancement, life without salt or seasoning." It is the quality of this seasoning that he is concerned with among the other Indian tribes he met, and with which he sympathises even in its strangest and crudest forms. His description of the initiation ceremony of the Piaroa Indians, during which boys submit themselves to be stung by the most venomous of ants, shows his exact tenderness at its best ; he can observe emotion without intruding it.

I have used the word "savage" intentionally. It stands for something definite, not only in its original meaning of a man of the woods, but in the sense that a savage must do that which is no longer licensed among civilised men. Bertrand Flornoy has the worst of both worlds when he declares that there are no savages. The treasure he sought among the Jivaro Indians was the art of shrinking heads ; an art which the Jivaro themselves recognise as in some way unlawful, since it can only be carried out when under the protection of exhaustive rites. Anyone who has lived with Indians in the South American jungle will probably have been asked on his return some such question as, How many wives do they have ? Did they try to shrink your head ? Do they eat human flesh ? Are they, in a word, real savages ? To me Mr. Flornoy epitomises the hidden desire of us all, which is to experience some of the savage reality these questions point at.

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His description of how human heads are shrunk is indeed an interesting one, which will help you not only to know a genuine shrunken head from a fake one next time you call at Guayaquil, but also to understand the compelling forces which make a Jivaro what he is. Jivaro culture comes to a head in the person of the witch doctor : his is the power which can both placate and provoke the fears at whose mercy the Jivaro lie ; and it is his head which is sought when his powers become too great. There is no better example of man's need to provoke his own fears in order to set them at rest.

However, since Mr. Flornoy's El Dorado is more an object than a relationship, his other observations are often lacking in sympathy : sympathy for the fact that, while civilised man may understand the meaning of what is savage, the savage finds it impossible to understand what is civilised. Mr. Flornoy himself recognises this when he comments on the way he neatly extricated himself from a dangerous situation —"To act the simpleton is the best defence against these people who are not deeply cunning and quite ignorant of our art of lying." But Mr. Flornoy has let himself become impatient with this very simplicity, and even his best descriptions show that he cannot quite accept it.

Sebastian Snow's book shows the traveller's El Dorado in its simplest and most energetic form, that of a sometimes rather angry triumph over material difficulties. He is by no means unreadable, but strangely uninterested in anything beyond his main ambition, which was to follow the Amazon from its source to its mouth. The setting of his adventure, indeed, might be almost any place which possesses an interminable river and a bleak range of mountains overlooking a rank jungle ; the people he met almost any surly peasantry whose language he did not know. But in some way it is this very blankness against which he strives which gives his book a curiously epic quality : his journey was for nothing but the journey's sake. Mr. Snow likens his predicament in one situation to that of Tony Last in *A Handful of Dust*, who had to read Dickens aloud to his master in the depths of the Brazilian jungle ; the ambition that mastered Mr. Snow was of the same obstinate kind, and his resentful reactions to it only disappeared when he meets Caramillo, the most skilful boatman on the river, who pilots him and his raft in an exhilarating rush through the fearsome rapids of the Marañon.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

THE TALYLLYN

Railway Adventure. By L. T. C. ROLT. *Constable.* 21*s.*

With his head in the sky and his feet on the ground, in gum boots ; with his back to the atom bomb and a growl for nationalisation, Mr. L.T.C. Rolt is the man who came to Towyn on Cardigan Bay and rescued a railway. It was The Talyllyn. Length—seven miles. Gauge—2ft. 3in. Opened—1866, to carry slate from the quarry at Bryn Eglwys to the sea and, later, to The Cambrian Railway.

In 1911, The Talyllyn and the quarry were bought by Sir Henry Haydn Jones, M.P. for Merionethshire. According to Mr. Rolt, he was respected locally but not loved, but he kept The Talyllyn open through two world wars. Sir Haydn died in 1950. Before his executors could sell the railway for scrap, Mr. Rolt acted. He called a meeting at the Imperial Hotel, Birmingham. A successful appeal for funds was launched in February, 1951. The rest of the book is devoted to the story of the rebuilding of The Talyllyn.

They cannibalised the nearby Corris, abandoned in 1947, and the only other railway in the country with a 2ft. 3in. gauge. Fortunately, two of its locomotives were still just on their wheels, and were picked up cheap from British Railways. Meanwhile, the staff of The Talyllyn, Hugh and Dai Jones, helped by volunteers, started to get the track in order, using second-hand rails from The Corris and others torn out of a disused funicular at Abergynolwyn. By Monday, June 4th, 1951, she was ready to go, with a service of two trains a day, each way, till the end of September.

The great problem was to keep the railway running. The first season was run on one engine only, No. 2, *Dolgoch*, built in 1866. Her elder sister, *Talyllyn*, was too dangerous to steam. Volunteers from all over the country took their holidays unloading coal wagons, cleaning locomotives, and slaving on the permanent way. The amateurs were joined by professionals—shedmasters and locomotives fitters, drivers and clerks, porters and draughtsmen. It was imperative to get one of the Corris engines going for the second season. Luckily the managing director of a great Leeds engineering firm had become a life member of The Talyllyn, so he repaired Corris No. 4, *Edward Thomas*, at his works for nothing. By the end of its second season The Talyllyn had carried 37,000 people, including a party of girls who perpetrated what Mr. Rolt calls the "nadir of vandalism" when, perverted by the educational system he believes the Welfare State provides, they stripped Dolgoch Station of its rhododendrons.

Mr. Rolt's book is for everyone—for the railway fan, for the general reader, for the local historian and topographer. It shows, in its modest sincerity, that adventure is on our back door step, if only we have eyes to see, and that pioneers need not go to Everest to break new ground. Long live The Talyllyn !

ARTHUR ELTON

NEW NOVELS

The Ever-Interesting Topic. By WILLIAM COOPER. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Song of a Shirt. By CHRISTOPHER SYKES. *Verschoyle.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hornblower and the Atropos. By C. S. FORESTER. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In 1940 a well-known don wrote a letter to *The Times* hinting that the paper should give a lead in booting Mr. Chamberlain out of office. The writer added that however much its readers might have disagreed with the paper's policy in the past, they knew it to have "a heart that is entirely English." These three novels share the same positive quality—separately, each is entirely English and taken together, they constitute a kind of microcosm of the English Novel, its strengths and weaknesses. The greatness of the English novel—here, surely, we differ from the French—lies not in any "great tradition" but in a cluster of great names. Each of us, like Dr. Leavis, has his own pet apostolic succession—George Eliot-James-Conrad, Fielding-Austen-Green, Sterne-Woolf-Sansom(?), even Lytton-Disraeli-Waugh. But the only living "great tradition" behind the English novel is the tradition that it is an entertainment, something to be deprecated, a toy for the idle hour. The *Cornhill* and *All the Year Round* die hard, and not all the Isabel Archers and Dorothea Casaubons in the world will alter this unconscious Protestant fixation. It still takes more than a Channel packet to bridge the gap between "*Madame Bovary, c'est moi*" and "Come children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

Two of these books have all the marks of the English literary Panda—amiability, whimsy, an engaging woolliness ; vague moral good intentions in place of a firm moral centre ; and a kind of imprecise easy-going prose that is admirable and articulate in jerks and spasms and then suddenly, confronted by a situation that demands an extra effort from the writer, comes to a kind of glottal stop. Add to this an obsession—again, one typically our own—with the *petit maître*. In Mr. Cooper's case it is Hugh Walpole, in Mr. Sykes's, Sir Max Beerbohm.

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Reinhardt

battled common-room, and a middle-aged conflict of loyalties dovetailing into a dormitory love-story—this, briefly, is the pattern. The approach is reminiscent of *The Cathedral* or *Mr. Perrin*, even more of C. P. Snow's *The Masters*. But alas, Mr. Cooper is less ingenious than Walpole, and far less compelling than Mr. Snow. One of his housemasters, a Mr. Chadder-Bank, seems almost to be modelled on Arthur Brown in *The Masters*. Yet he lacks the weight, the density of Mr. Snow's hero. Ambition, 'character,' the conflict of wills, pedagogic strains and stresses—all this is beyond Mr. Cooper's imagination. His men and women go through the gestures of intrigue, suspicion, indignation, treachery, but they do so in a kind of somnambulist trance. We never feel their creator knows where the shoe pinches them. Nor, for that matter, do we feel that Monteagle *is* a great public school, and this, in a school story, is fatal. The boys need not be seen or heard, but they should, all six hundred of them, be *felt*.

But in his love story, Mr. Cooper scores magnificently. Moving, tender, witty, exploratory, he uncovers a whole range of feeling and emotion in a few bare pages. The public school *Schwärmerei* is a peculiarly English love habit and I don't think it's ever been better described than in this book—described, that is, so richly and so unsentimentally or with such understanding.

Mr. Sykes is more overtly satiric. In the first world war there was a popular music-hall song entitled "*I'm on the Staff!*," the exultant pæan of all languid aides and red-faced majors at the base. Mr. Sykes's diversion plunges us into the heartland of this monocled set—G.H.Q. Cairo, around 1942. It's a simple tale of a sad young man clawed by red tabbies, but Mr. Sykes tells it anything but simply. His hero is pathetic and Nicolsonian. His villain, a second-rate aristocrat, would be a perfect target for the kind of mopping-up operation that Mr. Waugh performs on such of his characters as are left after the first wave of attack has dashed itself against the Welfare State. Alas, Mr. Sykes is not content with that. He wants to satirise not only Cairo and the brass-hats but also Kafka and his admirers as well. Though the blend is amusing, it does not entirely come off. One reason is that Mr. Sykes, like Mr. Cooper, lacks invention—how well Walpole, in *The Cathedral*, sprung his mine out of a mere garden roller!—the other is that the reader is never certain at just how complex a level of snobbery his author is operating. He appears to be making some kind of Tory-Confucian point—superiority of nature's gentlemen over flashy *nouveaux riches*?—but his feelings, or his grudges, are not sharp enough to carry us with him and all that comes through the writing is a note of "shriek plus." There is nothing so unurbane as a normally urbane English writer echoing a class grievance.

Mr. Cooper and Mr. Sykes are both masters of mood and atmosphere. But their books lack architecture and, even more, they lack energy. Mr. Forester has an abundance of all four. Of all English novelists now writing he has, I think, inherited the largest portion of Scott's mantle. Like Scott, he knows how to reveal men and women through their deeds. Hornblower is "not a man with a gift for happiness." For him life is "a succession of pills that have to be swallowed." Having created his rather wooden hero, Mr. Forester jerks him into life by forcing a jar of pills down his throat in quick succession. In the present sequence of adventures we watch him capturing French privateers, escorting Lord Nelson's body up the Thames in a leaky barge, attending George III's levée, salvaging a war chest off the coast of Egypt and making the most arduous journey of his life along the Thames and Severn canal. This is Hornblower at his best.

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The World of Robert Flaherty. By RICHARD GRIFFITH. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Not the Life, it will be noticed, but the World, that world already made known to us by Flaherty himself, in films, books and rare radio talks, in accounts by his wife and others. These Mr. Griffith brings together. Rather more, one may think, could have been made of the occasion, since he began under Flaherty's eye—who read the bulk of the manuscript—and continued with the family's co-operation. However, his aim was limited; unpublished diaries were drawn on by the yard; the Encyclopædia Britannica provides citations on American Indians; whenever anyone else can save him a word, it's snatched at. So the documentarist comes to us in documentary.

But Flaherty was quite different. He was an explorer—and the only one I know to develop in himself the vein of poetry. At nine, when most of us are dreaming about Redskins, he was meeting them, wondering about their all-night pow-wows, and sleeping with a pair of moccasins under his pillow. School and college passed by a stranger. He married early one receptive to the call of the wild, and vanished into it. For ten years he hunted ore about Hudson Bay—the maps referred to in an introduction never materialise—and found Eskimos. His first camera gleanings, which went up, literally, in smoke, inspired *Nanook*. This, after cold-shoulderings from Hollywood, was a success. He was invited to go South, with "another *Nanook*" as the commission; and began looking in Samoa for that life-and-death struggle which he had found up north; found none; despaired; tried to fake (what about giant octopuses?); came in the end on that idyll of mingled idleness, beauty and testing ritual, captured in *Moana*; and so learnt his method—not to impose drama but to coax it out of everyday happenings. No method more intrinsic to film as such has ever been discovered; and in the few films that Flaherty was afterwards permitted to make—*Tabu*, *Man of Aran*, *Elephant Boy*, *The Land*, and *Louisiana Story*—he erred only when he went against the grain. He was a natural poet with the camera, as were W. H. Davies and John Clare with words, but with the addition that in him there was something world-seeking that we meet elsewhere only in the great explorers. He loved life: life at its most simple, remote and sometimes difficult: the incredible Eskimo, the happy Samoan, the storm-beaten islanders of Aran, the half-wild woodsmen of Louisiana encountering the oil-derrick; the innocent camera-eye was his, and it moves us all to delight and tears—all, that's to say, except the Hollywood producer and his like. They opposed him stubbornly to the end. His best films, *Nanook of the North* and *Louisiana Story*—the seed and the flower of his talent—were paid for by Révillon Frères and Standard Oil.

It is hard not to compare and contrast the fortunes of Flaherty with those of Eisenstein. Both worked in the field vaguely known and too austerely recognised as "documentary." Both have had great, lasting influence: both were prevented by idiot ideologies from giving as much and as naturally as they should have given. Flaherty was probably the more constricted—if the less dramatic—sufferer of the two. That such an artist should have been treated—as he was—sneered at, finally, while his government sent him on ambassadorial missions—is a disgrace to his time and place and to us all.

Mr. Griffith puts out a mild bleat to this effect in his—almost personal—postscript. But personality is ruled out by his method. He displays Flaherty, praises him, annotates him, but never for one instant reveals that love and understanding without which such a portrait can be no more than half-true. However, for this well-considered and well-executed half-truth, let's be thankful.

G. W. STONIER

REASON NO OBJECT

The Ill-Tempered Clavichord. By S. J. PERELMAN. *Reinhardt.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Thurber Country. By JAMES THURBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Oddly Bodlikins. By PAUL JENNINGS. *Reinhardt.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Starke and Unashamed. By LESLIE STARKE *Reinhardt.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sexes and Sevens. By PETER KNEEBONE. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Tittivulus. By MICHAEL AYRTON. *Reinhardt.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Can It Be True? By DENYS PARSONS. *Macdonald.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

The Pick of Punch. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"It will hardly be questioned," wrote Meredith in a very sage discussion of humour, "that it is unwholesome for men and women to see themselves as they are, if they are no better than they should be: and they will not, when they have improved in manners, care much to see themselves as once they were." What he meant by this disturbing statement was that the better we behave, the better our jokes will be. Humour is, of course, always rather sad in its way; but, because of our changing manners, in different ways at different times. Today it is not the simple affair it once was of people laughing at maniacs and hunchbacks, or (more recent and more refined) at the speech of foreigners or the simplicity of domestic servants. It is not even a case of the mad eye looking back at the sane—the outcast white blackbird pecking back at the flock. More likely, it is the black blackbird who can draw looking round at his kind. The superior "We and They" motif that Meredith objected to has almost disappeared; "I and They" (as in our novels and poetry) has come to take its place—the fashionable lonely innocent and the rest. It is certainly crazier: funnier too, very likely.

The books in the present list give rise to further reflections. One is that each humorist has but one joke (or perhaps two); though we do not mind, if we like his manner, how many times he uses it. Another, that the difference between the humour of the English and the Americans must lie in the difference between the English and American homes. How much wilder seems

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the *ordinary* life of the American, with its horizontal groupings by age, and its other compulsions, than our own, which is so ill-organised and vague. Consider *The Ill-Tempered Clavichord* of S. J. Perelman, whose genius is for putting words round day dreams and other fancies rising from the daily round. Ordinary life, as Mr. Perelman shows in his diverting book, is a matter of Hollywood columnists, surgery performed to music, powerful women executives, terrifying children of high commercial gifts, the *mœurs* of detective fiction applied to life. Perhaps it is the words themselves that make some of his nightmare sketches so droll.

> *Rhonda* (a newly-wed film star) through a mist of tears: Nobody ever had such a thoughtful hubby. Prince Charming was an ignatz alongside of you . . . But I don't think you really trust me, else you would wise me up as to the function of that door

The door—need one say?—conceals the divorce lawyers.

Mr. Thurber is the prose-poet of civilised frustrations; patience under provocation is his attitude; domestic anthropology is his abiding theme. But he too, as *Thurber Country* shows, is concerned with the weird nature of words behind the weird ideas that they express. Here, for instance, are several lunatic exchanges with business firms, with their invulnerable magic jargon; an essay on the collecting of Broad Generalisations ("Jewellers never go anywhere." "Intellectual women dress funny"); and a brilliant sketch *The Interview* in which a novelist, by sheer talk, defeats a journalist. And even when he purchases an 18-foot flagstaff for his wife, it is still the words of the deed that affect us most. For "How," (says a friend) "do you aim to gift-wrap that pole?"

Unlike the American and the Irish scene, the English really exists only in other people's imaginations; and Mr. Paul Jennings's imagination is as valid as any. Mr. Jennings is a visionary for whom our busy daily world of policemen, postmen, suburban shops, secondhand cars and tramways is only a façade, concealing, it may be, folk-workers at some strange craft or ritual, whose origin is long forgotten. "*Does it not freeze the blood?*" he will ask. What? The thought, perhaps, of the empty theatre bar, of the extraordinary increase in *things* since the beginning of the nineteenth century, of the *otherness* of policemen (the italics are all Mr. Jennings's), of who—or what—live in the little buildings, half temple, half house, with *no doors*, dotted about the London parks? The clue is again often nothing but a word: something in an auction catalogue, a telephone directory, a list of customs regulations. His essay *Quo Vadis*, in fact, a film script with Latin dialogue, contains in addition the vocabulary of at least two extra foreign languages. "*O mel, da mihi fracturam . . . Mel, debes audire*" "(Gee, honey, give me a break. . . . Honey, you've got to listen"). "*Tu mane ex hoc, soror*" ("You stay out of this, sister!"). Haro Hodson's pictures have, in a calm way, their own evocative frenzy.

In *Starke and Unashamed* the bold and sometimes brilliant drawings are of meek people—all except the ladies, who are wives and formidable, or secretaries and disturbing. Men are mostly husbands and subdued; sometimes they are monks; one of these is shown pensively burning a candle at both ends. It is an orderly world, where everyone goes about, like Lamia, in a pale contented sort of discontent, and even animals (dogs, fish, cows) read and obey the printed bye-laws.

Innocence is the prevailing note of *Sexes and Sevens* which relates, in very neat line drawings, the events leading to the marriage of a young spinster and a young bachelor in London. Here are views of home in the Home Counties with Mummy and Daddy (retired); the job in town; the shared bed-sitter; the party, and so forth—simple, rather local stuff, you may say, but droll every now and then when it reminds us that every platitude is in fact an epigram unravelled.

Tittivulus is a long, complex, specialist joke full of the most engaging potentialities. The plot tends to get out of hand; but the idea is dazzling and delightful. Tittivulus is a minor fiend set to collecting verbiage ("vain and unmeaning sounds, gossip, babble, tittle-tattle, pomposity, verbosity, prolixity") first from the perfunctory prayers of an indifferent clergy; later, from verse, prose, disputation, oratory through the ages. The sacks, in their storehouse, begin to leak; some of the contents begin to deteriorate into sense; at best of times the line is hard to draw. Suppose the collection brought up to date, who would, or would not, escape the sack? The possibilities are endless.

Can it be True? illustrates by quotation (and by Anton's drawings) the mad fantasies that can result from the misplaced letter, the gaffe, the unlucky ambiguity in the printed word. "Have you ever handed a taxi-driver a pound note, only to hear him growl 'No charge'?" But it would take too long to work out why the verbal lunacies of this book are so diverting.

In quantity alone *The Pick of Punch* is a rich affair—a panorama, in its way, of current English humorous attitudes. The text, mostly from last year's milder *Punch*, takes us over the gentle English scene with its façade (as Mr. Jennings has shown) of picnics, lawn-mowing, seaside holidays, cricket, hikers, and (on the sinister side) such matters as "modern" art and sculpture, or *frustrated exports*. The drawings are livelier: two of them pleased me particularly. One is of a pair of engine drivers collecting train-spotters: "That's three new ones today—a Munsbridge Grammar School, a West Rockham Secondary and a Redcliffe College." The other is of a schoolmaster languidly replying to a boy: "Oh, did he? Well, *my* father marked it, and he says it's wrong." Have we not in these the innocent on the return; the completed circle; the perfect joke?

NAOMI LEWIS

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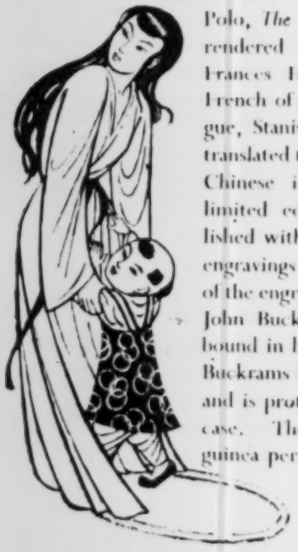
Coming to us from the China of Kublai Khan, the cruel and brilliant China visited by Marco Polo, *The Circle of Chalk* is rendered into English by Frances Hume from the French of the great sinologue, Stanislas Julien, who translated the play from the Chinese in 1832. This limited edition is embellished with six four-colour engravings by that master of the engraver's technique, John Buckland-Wright, is bound in black and yellow Buckrams blocked in silver and is protected by a slip-case. The price is one guinea per copy.



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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Orchestral. The problem of how much I can possibly squeeze into this article is to some extent influenced by the fact that several current issues of standard works must clearly be held over, because rival versions are on the verge of appearing. So for the time being I thankfully postpone my (inevitably stale) remarks on Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and pass straight to two highly satisfying couplings of symphonies by Haydn. Nos. 44 in E minor ("Trauer Symphonie") and 48 in C major ("Maria Theresa") are both new to the gramophone: the first is an impressively grave work, something like "La Passione" in feeling; the second is a festive affair, dominated by the tone of brass and woodwind, with an interesting, "dark" Trio to the Minuet. Both are nicely played by the Danish State Radio Orchestra (**D.LXT2832) and the recording leaves nothing to be desired. The same composer's Nos. 95 in C minor, and No. 100 in D major ("Military"), would also receive two stars, were it not for a slight edginess in the string department (*N.WLP5045). No. 95, one of Haydn's grandest symphonies, has hitherto been available only in the very old Harty version. Like the E minor, it is a very serious work and makes a good contrast to that amusing comedy, the "Military," of which this is much the best modern recording, with suitably hefty percussion. Either of these discs would make a good Christmas present. Any musical person can be assumed to enjoy Haydn, but Dvorak—especially in the cosy, bourgeois mood of the Fourth Symphony—is a more risky bet. Of the two new versions, the Supraphon issue (Czech Phil/Talich. *S.LPV44) seems to me distinctly preferable to the Philharmonia/Kubelik disc issued by Columbia. The woodwind is clear and forward, and Talich keeps the orchestra on its toes throughout, securing a bright-eyed, carefree performance that is very engaging. There is some pitch wavering of the oboe and bassoon in III; otherwise the recording is extraordinarily good. (Supraphon records are published here by the James Quality Recording Co., 231 Oxford St.). From the same company we have a dazzling account of Glazunov's weak but charming Violin Concerto, played by Oistrakh and the U.S.S.R. State Orchestra on a ten-inch disc (*S.LPM7). Readers will recall the startling Concertgebouw/Van Beinum SP issue of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. In actual quality of sound the new LP discs, by the same forces (*D.LXT2829/30), are perhaps a shade less luminous; but the performance is not less than magnificent, and the brass in the Adagio give a splendid display of legato phrasing and rich, solemn tone. Side 4 contains Franck's symphonic poem, *Psyché*—equally well played. This rather flaccid, but attractively romantic piece dates from the same period as Franck's Symphony. It is love music of the cerebral order, but those who take pleasure in the composer's peculiar brand of Wagnerian chromaticism will be glad of the chance to acquaint themselves with one of his rarely heard works. Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra, one of the master's most immediately attractive works, gives the Philharmonia Orchestra a splendid opportunity for virtuoso display; and Karajan, who can sometimes be an over-dramatic and even brutal conductor, is in his element here. The performance is brilliant and the timbres are very faithfully reproduced (**C.33CX1054). Sir Thomas Beecham has evidently lost none of his old enthusiasm for that delightful exhibition of high spirits, Chabrier's *España*, and the recording is among the best of the more recent SP issues (**LX1592).

Chamber Music and Piano. The Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet give a musicianly and shipshape account of that shy piece, Schubert's late Quartet in A minor (N.WLP5115). They are a well-balanced body, without showiness; and although their tone is not particularly seductive and the recording is on the shrill side, this is a stylish performance and will give more lasting pleasure than that of the Vegh Quartet (Decca). In two of Mozart's best Violin Sonatas (G major,

K 379, and B flat major, K 454) Barylli and Badura-Skoda give an impeccable example of classical playing, beautifully recorded (**N.WLP5109). This, again, would make a better Christmas present than Beethoven's Diabelli Variations, which are heavy going for all except the most serious-minded people. The two latest versions, by Horszowski (*V.PL7730) and Arrau (*B.AXTL1024/5), both have considerable merits, but I continue to prefer the Katchen disc (Decca), reviewed last month. Horszowski's is unquestionably the performance of a thoughtful musician, but his fortissimo is ugly (especially in the Fugue), there is bad pre-echo and the surface is poor. Arrau's tone is never ugly, but he is apt to drag the pace (*e.g.*, in XX, XXIV, XXVI). Katchen here shows himself the most resourceful of the three pianists, with more variety of touch and more power to hold our interest throughout the very long work. The Arrau version, moreover, is twice as expensive as the others; containing, on side 4, a performance of the Eroica Variations, Op. 35, which is distinctly inferior to Gulda's (Decca). A pianist who is new to us here, Geza Anda, offers a bewildering display of effortless brilliance, combined with a rare sense of the dynamic scope appropriate to recording, in Brahms's Paganini Variations and Schumann's Symphonic Studies (**C.33CX1072). In the Brahms he cuts the second half of the final variation of Book I, in order to achieve a "lead" into the first variation of Book II—quite a sensible proceeding and preferable to Michelangeli's less straightforward solution. This disc couples the best available versions of both the works, and the recording is admirable. The Sonata in A minor, Op. 42, may not be among the most frequently played of Schubert's piano sonatas, but it is one of the most entirely successful of the set, and Wilhelm Kempff gives a searching, meditative, and tonally very beautiful account of it (**D.LXT2834). I shall be surprised if there are two opinions about this, as there certainly will be about Horowitz's coupling of Schumann's *Kinderszenen* and a selection of Chopin's Mazurkas (*G.ALP1069). If Gieseking be your standard for the first of these works, you may be outraged by some of the liberties Horowitz permits himself; but the result is fascinatingly individual, and the *Traümerei* is the most touching I ever remember hearing. From the purist point of view the Chopin examples are even more of a debauch—quite wicked indeed; but as a display of magical pianism this side of the disc would be hard to surpass. The tone is hollow and rather twangy, but I find this record irresistible. Gulda's complete recording of Chopin's Preludes, Op. 28 (*D.LXT2837), if not wholly impeccable, has none of the eccentricities of the Rubinstein SP set and is stylistically much more even than the Novaes issue (Vox).

Vocal. Among five complete operas, Ravel's *L'heure espagnole* (**D.LXT2828) and Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* (*N.WLP6206, 2 discs) gave me the most unalloyed pleasure. The Decca Ravel comes in head-on collision with the Vox version (reviewed recently in this column) and a new Columbia (*33CX1076). The latter has the advantage of a soprano (Denise Duval) who is more in character than Danco (Decca); but she does not sing as well and the recording cannot hold a candle to either the Vox or the Decca. My own choice would be the Decca, but in the Vox disc the orchestral part is clearer. Readers are advised to sample both versions. In *Don Pasquale* the singing is no more than adequate; but it *is* that, and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, under Quadri, gives a sparkling and very well recorded account of the score. Bellini's *I Puritani* (*C.33CX1058/9/60) has the benefit of a starry cast which includes Callas, Di Stefano, Panerai and Rossi-Lemeni. There is plenty of theatre atmosphere, the balance is good, the choral singing very lively, and the big ensembles are well focused. Against this it must, I think, be admitted that the opera is very uneven; there are wonderful moments, especially the opening scene and the Mad Scene, which is one of Bellini's greatest inspirations; but much of *I Puritani* is frankly dull. Neither *La Bohème* nor *Pagliacci* could fairly be described as dull, and the Toscanini version of the former (*G.ALP1081/2), with Licia Albanese, Jan Peerce and Francesco Valentino, offers impeccable tempi and thrilling orchestral playing. But to my mind neither the singing nor the recording in this set can stand comparison with those in the Decca issue. The Decca *Pagliacci* is a technically efficient, rip-roaring affair, with an outstandingly dramatic Nedda (Clara Petrella); but Mario del Monaco is monotonously loud, and his aria recital on side 4 is deplorable. Vivaldi's *Serenata a tre* ("La ninfa e il pastore") is less an opera than a sequence of arias; but we should in any case be grateful to Vox for unearthing this exquisite divertimento, which is quite acceptably sung and recorded (*V.PL7990). None of the music is dull, and side 2 opens with a tenor aria describing a murmuring brook—an unforgettable passage of Mozartian loveliness. The unflagging Stuttgarters have turned out a recording of Bach's Mass in B minor which is an impressive achievement (*V.PL8063, 3 discs). Of course, not every detail is perfect, but the accommodation of the large forces is most cleverly done, so that even the biggest choral passages are never oppressive to the ear, and, apart from a feeble tenor, the soloists are excellent. Cherubini's *Requiem* is a highly impersonal, coldly beautiful work which repays prolonged attention. The performance, by the Santa Cecilia choir and orchestra (*C.33CX1075), is extremely authentic, but the acoustic is so resonant that the parts tend to get blurred. This is, however, a fault on the right side, and readers are strongly recommended not to ignore the issue. Janacek's Slavonic Mass is also beautiful, but very far from cold; indeed, the hysterical violence of this extraordinary music might well seem unsuited to the occasion; but there is no denying its power and originality. The Brno Radio Orchestra and chorus, with some excellent soloists who include Beno Blachut, give a passionately sincere performance, instinct with belief, and although the orchestra sounds constricted in the loudest passages, the recording is on the whole very fine (*S.LPM39/40). Side 4 contains Janacek's Piano Sonata, a characteristic piece, authoritatively played by Palenicek. Delius's nonsensically entitled *Mass of Life* (C.33CX1078/9) does, nevertheless, contain some of his best music, and Sir Thomas Beecham secures some very sensitive playing from the R.P.O. But I cannot share some of my colleagues' enthusiasm for the recording: the choral parts lack definition, the climaxes are not clean or comfortable, and the soloists do not seem to me a strong team. But those who are prepared to take the rough with the smooth will derive unmixed pleasure from at least some sections of the work.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

More suggestions for book presents for friends with specialised interests. Hubert Phillips's *Card Games* (Witherby, 12s 6d); Michael Harrison's and Douglas Armstrong's *New Approval to Stamp Collecting* (Batsford, 15s); André Simon's *What About Wine?* (Newman Neame, 7s 6d)—an introduction in the form of Q. and A. ("Are not Graves all white wines? No, there are white Graves wines but there are more red than white . . ."); and W. Macqueen-Pope's and D. L. Murray's life and times of Franz Lehar, *Fortune's Favourite* (Hutchinson, 21s).

There are, for children, a number of books whose appeal is largely in unconventional format: flaps on the page to be pulled back and reveal another picture, or cut-outs that give a window on to the next page. Such are Tove Jansson's *Book about Moomin, Mymble and Little My* (Benn, 8s 6d), and three particularly gay ones contrived by Bruno Munari—*Georgie has lost his cap*, *The Lorry Driver*, *What I'd like to be* (Harvill, 5s each).

Company Meeting

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The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the chairman, Mr. J. S. Crossley:

During our last financial year, which ended on the 30th September, we opened 75 new offices in different parts of the world. Your business is still a "live" one and the range and scope of its activities are not diminishing.

Turning to the balance sheet, the variations which are reflected here do not give the impression that any marked change has taken place in the Bank's position, in spite of the fluctuations in commodity prices and interest rates which we have witnessed in the past twelve months. Although deposits have increased and stand at the highest figures we have so far recorded, the items represented by cash and money at call still exceed 20 per cent. of the Bank's total liabilities to the public.

I suggested last year that the lower prices then ruling for the staple export products of so many of the territories served by the Bank must adversely affect our results. The actual decline in the net profit shown would, however, have been more marked had it not been for a slight, but welcome, decrease in the rate of tax payable. From the available profit we have transferred £150,000 to premises reserve account and £300,000 to the reserve fund. The latter amount has been supplemented by £200,000 which we have been able to release from contingency account, being provision no longer required. After effecting these transfers our reserve fund stands at £8,000,000.

You will notice the reduction in the figure for acceptances, etc., which is to some extent a reflection of the lower prices. To quote a few examples, and taking the prices ruling at the end of March, 1953, compared with March, 1952, i.e., at the middle of each of our last two financial years, it can be seen that, with the notable exception of wool, which stood at a substantially higher figure, most of the other principle products were sharply lower. The financing of the exports of these commodities during the year just passed has brought us less profit.

If it was difficult last year to predict the course of events with any confidence, the task today is still more formidable. I suggested that we might look back on 1952 as a turning point marking approximately the end of the sellers' market, which had dominated post-war conditions. It is true that many prices have fallen, and some appear to have reached stability at the lower levels now ruling; some again seem to be recovering, while others still are falling. There is no longer any pronounced general trend in a particular direction. Superimposed upon this striking change in the economic climate, however, there has recently been some change in the political climate also, and one reacts upon the other. Strange and wrong though it may seem, there is no doubt that the lessening of international tension, however slight and whether justified or not, has recently been the cause of market uncertainty, which in its turn has created some anxiety. It is against this background of uncertainty that our policies now have to be considered.

MRS. BROWN'S PURSE

MRS. Brown looked in her purse and her heart was heavy. She knew only too well what little jollity there would be for her family this Christmas.

The Church Army is distributing parcels to make Christmas happier for thousands. Do please help by a gift to The Rev. E. Wilson Carlile, C.B.E., Secretary, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,242

Set by Arthur Marshall

Those who keep diaries, tend to write in them nothing but pleasant trivia. The usual prizes are offered for outlining (limit 150 words) a really frightful day in our modern world. The more personal disasters the better. Entries by *Monday, December 21.*

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,239

Set by G. de Vavasour

Prizes are offered for a set of six of the most useful basic sentences (in the form either of queries or statements) for a visiting foreigner staying as the guest, in this country, of one of the following: a Q.C., a Cabinet Minister, a publisher, a literary or dramatic critic, a high official of the Anglican Church or of the British Army, a psychoanalyst.

Report by G. de Vavasour

Since the role of guest is even more delicate than that of host, the conversational notions of some competitors left me appalled. "How" (was a typical opening) "can you conscientiously defend your criminal clients when you must know they are guilty?" Guests who come armed with questions like this will certainly need also D. R. Malbett's rather more basic: "Have you a train timetable?" Surely the aim is to encourage conversation, to gratify one's host, and to ensure a second visit, and the prizes are awarded on this basis. Apart from Terence Melican's "Quite so," and "Nothing could be more exasperating," the most widely applicable sentences seemed to me: "How does one attire oneself?" (V. R. Ormerod); "How little the general public knows of the sheer *toil* involved behind the scenes!" and possibly Rhoda Tuck Pook's "I can get you some cheap dollars"—directed, rather oddly, at the literary critic. It was curious, though, how few competitors chose to imagine themselves as guest of critic or publisher, and that no-one thought to send the particularly telling sentence: "Your literary criticism is of course so much more creative than the writing of fiction." One and a half guineas each go to Keith S. Bovey and Tom Putt; a guinea each to John A. Bulley, John Brown and Erica Scott.

A QC

I see that two judges have been killed in a motor accident.

Is it true that one becomes a Q.C. first, and then an M.P.?

★ ★

This year's most unusual—and most delightful—Christmas gift

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by CHU YUAN

A beautiful little book of poems, by ancient China's greatest poet. Illustrated and bound in silk, 3/6

From all booksellers

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SEND FOR OUR CHRISTMAS BOOK LIST

You had got to the Crippen Case—do go on.

In my country, barristers are very highly respected.

No, I haven't read any anecdotes of the English law.

I quite agree with you.

KEITH S. BOVEY

A CABINET MINISTER

Please may I have notice of that question?

May I be allowed to congratulate you on your speech in silence in absence from the House last night?

What a shame that *The Times* gave your speech on . . . only two columns!

Please give me again, in confidence, your candid opinion of the personal appearance, morals and ability of your colleagues.

Please tell me again how you saved your country party face.

Please tell me again what you would do if you were Prime Minister President of the U.S.A. Omnipotent.

TOM PUTT

So brave of you to stand up to the Mau Mau!

Do you suppose one could be a socialist *and* a gentleman?

If only the Liberals had followed Sir Winston!

This Mr. Bevan has cooked his goose, no?

One imagines that Holborn was, as you say, "a flesh in the pot."

I know nothing about TV.

ERICA SCOTT

HIGH ARMY OFFICER

I love this early rising—best of the day.

How would *you* tackle the problem of Western Defence?

May I take another photograph of you?

What is this medal?

It is easy to see that you are a connoisseur of fine wines.

I could listen to you all night, but you must get your proper sleep, with all that responsibility.

JOHN BROWN

BISHOP

No, I have never been to Rome in my life.

Please tell me all about this national summer game of yours.

Do not be concerned on my behalf; my own house is draughty, too.

I wonder whether your outfitter would make me some, to keep *my* legs warm in the winter.

Would you be offended if I made a small donation to the cause?

How annoying that my train (bus, car) leaves just ten (five, twenty) minutes before (after) the end (beginning) of evensong (matins).

JOHN A. BULLEY

A brief selection of other helpful phrases: CABINET MINISTER: With our peoples this would be impossible (V. R. ORMEROD). *(Of any foreign government):* I'm afraid they (we) have got a lot to learn. (ELAINE MORGAN). *(Of a possible change of government):* I imagine you'd welcome it in a way, but it would be a blow for Britain. (ELAINE MORGAN). Here is another mention of you in the newspaper. (JOHN BROWN).

ARMY OFFICER: The Brigade is a match for twenty atom bombs. (MERTON SANDLER). I have *never* seen such marching! (ERIC SWAINSON).

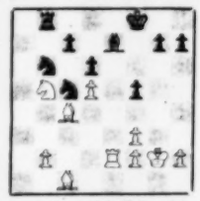
PSYCHOANALYST: How am I this morning? (FRED THORPE). I slept quite uneventfully, thank you. (ANNE MARTIN).

Q.C.: (a) Why are you not a Judge? (b) I am sure you will be one soon. (E. W. FORDHAM).

CHESS: Seeing It Through

No. 219

In the last two weeks we have seen how easy it is to lose a win—as if we didn't know!—and how, with some timely assistance from the opposite side, one may even manage to win a loss. But when it comes to winning a win (or what, at any rate, ought to be a win) we may well find it most difficult of all, and we are usually prone to faltering. Diagr. on L. is a winning position (Münster 1939) where a man called Broscheit



saw it through in no uncertain manner, "it" in this case being the KBP. What happened was (1) P-B4, R-K6, (2) P-B5, R-K4, (3) R-Q8, B-R4, (4) P-B6!, B x R, (5) P-B7!, etc. Had Black played (1) . . . R-KB4 White's winning position (due entirely to Black's baseline weakness) could have been materialised by (2) R-Q8, R-B1, (3) R-K1, Kt-B2, (4) R x R ch, B x R, (5) B-Q8, Kt-K3, (6) P-B5!, Kt x B, (7) R-K8!, etc.

On a more exalted plane and rather more subtly—Fine-Keres, Amsterdam 1938—we can now watch one grandmaster seeing it through against another. The crisis is at hand, and both players get just what they bargained for. Keres, though, has seen a little farther. Presently he will give up the exchange for some passed pawns on the Q-wing, and having established what he considers a winning position he consistently proceeds to win it. (Diagr. on R.)

(25)	P-Kt3	Kt x P	(42) K-B2	B x P
(26)	Kt-Q4!?	Kt-Kt5!	(43) R-KR1	B-K4
(27)	B-Q2	P-Q4!	(44) R x P	K-B2
(28)	B x Kt	R x B	(45) R-R1	P-Kt4
(29)	Kt-B6	P x B!	(46) R-K1	K-B3
(30)	Kt x R	P x P	(47) R-KKt1	K-Kt3
(31)	Kt-Q5	Kt-Q6!!	(48) R-K1	B-B3
(32)	R-Q2	P-Kt7	(49) R-KKt1	P-Kt5!
(33)	R-Q1	P-B4	(50) P x P	P-B5
(34)	K-B1	P-B5	(51) P-Kt5	B-Q5
(35)	R-QKt1	B-B4	(52) R-Q1	B-K6!
(36)	K-K2	B x P!	(53) K x P	B-B8
(37)	Kt-K3	P-B6!!	(54) R-Q6 ch	K x P
(38)	Kt-B2	Kt-K8!!	(55) R-QKt6	P-B6
(39)	Kt-R3	B-B4	(56) K-Q3	K-B5
(40)	K x Kt	B x Kt	(57) R-Kt8	K-Kt6
(41)	K-Q1	B-Q3	(58) resigns	

A: S. Tartakower 1933

B: Paul Heuäcker 1932

The 4-pointer for beginners is an instructive game position. How did White win a piece? **B**—White to draw—is a very neat little study. **C** is a win for White in spite of Bishops of different colour; an instructive endgame study.

Usual prizes. Entries by December 21.

C: A. S. Selesniev 1923

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 21

A: (1) . . . Q-K8 ch, (2) K x R, Q-R5 ch, (3) K-B5, Q-R4 ch, (4) K-K6, Q-R1 ch, etc.

B: (1) Q-KR7 ch, K-Kt4, (2) R-Q5 ch, K-Kt5, (3) Q-R5 ch, K-B5, (4) Q-R2 ch, K-K5 (best), (5) R-K5 ch!, Q x R, (6) Q-K2 ch, K-Q5, (7) Q-Kt2 ch, K-Q4, (8) Q-Kt5 ch, K-Q3, (9) Q-Kt8 ch, K-K3, (10) Q-K8 ch, K-B3, (11) Q-KR8 ch, K-B4, (12) Q-R5 ch, K-B5, (13) Q-R2 ch, K-K5, (14) Q-K2 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . Q-R3, (2) Q-B5 ch, Q-Kt4, (3) Q-R7 ch, R-R3, (4) Q-KB7 ch, Q-Kt3 (best), (5) Q-Q5 ch!, etc.
if (5) . . . K-Q5, (6) Q-Kt2 ch, etc.

C: (1) Q x BP ch, R x Q, (2) R-Kt8 ch!, Q x R, (3) B-Q7 ch, Kt x B, (4) R-QB8 ch, B x R, (5) Kt-B7 ch, etc.
(2 R x Q would lose, and so would (1) R x Q.

Many competitors stumped by **B**. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, M. Kaye, J. M. Reid, A. J. Roycroft. No less flawless solutions from D. E. Cohen and A. Schneider. *Will Mr. Raphaely, of Johannesburg, S.A. please airmail his address.*

ASSIAC

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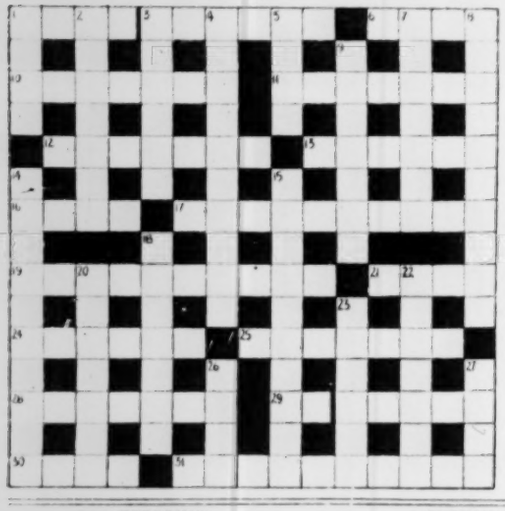
Week-end Crossword No. 78

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 78, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 22nd Dec.



ACROSS

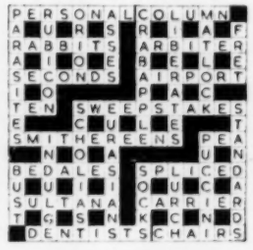
1. Releases plenty for advertising copy (4, 6).
6. Traffic signal when there is roadwork? (4).
10. Name and date altered for a dying artist (7).
11. "Children are to be deceived with ——, and men with oaths." (7).
12. The physician has something to make a dose with (7).
13. Old centre court (6).
16. Ticket without the company on (4).
17. Have a drink with the manager; this may do instead of a gate (10).
19. At sea one has to jump to it; it is necessary to keep the watch going (10).
21. The artist has a ring with his Christmas dish (4).
24. Where there is much water and sometimes plumbing (6).
25. Something to take for the figure (7).
28. After a letter I provide a remedy for the gourmet (7).
29. Neat in class (2, 5).
30. Quality of a loch? (4).
31. Vegetarian parties? (10).

DOWN

1. Presumably not the dog who got lost in the fog (4).
2. Prohibition though there is room for drinks in it (7).
3. Chemical with singular property of arousing disgust (6).
4. Wood indicating that a light industry has been nationalised? (10).
5. A slow bowler to make fast (4).
7. Commonplace quartet in the test (7).
8. Oxford scholar and man of letters (10).
9. He may be a mere beginner, but he has a mature disposition (7).
14. Dog-headed, surly fellow (10).
15. A gun begins sounding like a herald (10).
18. This sum needs correcting to provide a piece of land (7).
20. Insinuates, but apparently it is a devil's tale (7).
22. Dance about an immortal in religious buildings (7).
23. Transfer form (6).
26. Extinct species of wolf? (4).
27. Grievous reverse for love (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 76



FRIZEWINNERS TO No. 76

Miss Irene Allenby (Pitsea), Miss K. I. Cruickshank (Edinburgh), Miss A. N. Reay (Speen).

PERSONAL

NW.3. Nannie reqd. take complete charge boys 6 mths., 5½. Live as family, own B'S (consid. daily). Wkends free. Box 3781.

CAPABLE young woman, 27, good with children, seeks part-time work; would take French children for walks and talk English. Irregular hours acceptable. Box 3539.

SOUTH of France. To let in village between Nice and Grasse, s/c furn. apartment, mod. conf. Sleep two. Box 3799.

YOUNG farmer with pleasant modernised house in lovely country on Exeter bus route, offers free accom. to congenial adaptable family, excl. housekeeping. Box 3859.

RES. stud. (girl, phys. chem.) req. pt. time wk. end work. Adaptable. Box 3840.

QUICK progress in French. Private Lessons. Call or write Mme. Delatour, 16 Maystone Road, N.W.2. GLA. 0256.

FOUR POWER Agreement at Last! The airlines of four nations have agreed that your winter holiday on the Riviera must cost you less and yet be more comfortable than ever before. Contours unite in one convenient booklet many Riviera holidays based on B.E.A., Air France, Swissair & Sabena services. Send now for your copy. Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel.: MUS. 8499.

MATHEMATICIAN coaches to Scholarship level. 34 Nottingham Place, W.1. WEL. 8022.

ANTIQUE Clocks, sales, repairs, advice, please ring: PRI. 4560.

ROOMS quickly and expertly decorated at lowest possible price. Crawford, 21 Starcross St., N.W.1.

BORED young man aged 10 (?) would welcome a set of 5 Jig Saw Map Puzzles from anyone with 5/-s. to spend. These beautifully illustrated picture maps in full colour of London, Paris, S.E. England, Shakespeare's Country and Holy Land will amuse him (and his parents) for hours. Order from Francis Chichester, Map Publisher, 9 St. James's Place, S.W.1. Postage free.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WES. 1948.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines available for hire £1 monthly. Write Robert Ropkins, 114 Wigmore St., W.1.

FOREST School Camps. Recruits needed for Staff at children's camps in summer 1954. Staff training course from Dec. 29 to Jan. 3. Details Peter Hedger, 43 George Rd., Solihull, Warwicks.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

THE Labour Peace Fellowship is opposed to war and capitalism. It stands for Peace and Socialism. Details from 78 Warren Road, Banstead, Surrey.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. HW. 1496.

ABBATT Toyshop. A shop which sells the right toy for the right age & type of child. Shoppers by post send for free illus. catalogue (Dept. E), 94 Wimpole St., W.1.

PARENTS! Are you satisfied with your child's school? See "Better Schools Now!" ("Books & Publications" column).

PERSONAL—continued

WINTER Sports parties leaving for Austria or Switzerland December 19, 28, January 3, 9, 15, 29, invite other professional and university people in search of good ski-ing, sunshine, and pleasant company. 17 days' holiday from 27½gns. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FOR all your Christmas Books come to the Bodkin Bookshop. Here, too, you will find Children's books and the most wonderful selection of Christmas Cards you ever saw. The address is 7 Kensington Church St., W.8; buses 9, 73, 46, 52, 27, 28, 31 and 49 will bring you. (Open all day Saturdays.)

CHRISTMAS Gifts unusual: flour rugs, hand woven by craftsman-designer; from £4. Tel. PRImrose 9839 before 10 a.m.

SKI-ING Holidays in France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Norway, Yugoslavia. Our new programme includes a variety of winter holidays, and you can choose whether to go with a party or independently. The special article "All About Ski-ing" tells you what happens on a ski-ing holiday. A fortnight amid the snow and sunshine costs as little as £24 7s. 6d. Write for Winter Programme to Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (F6) Park Road, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.

CHRISTMAS Parties in Surrey? Winter Sports in the Sun? Try one or the other: it's bound to be fun. Erna Low Holidays, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9255.

WINTER Sports House Parties, every month, inclusive of tuition and equipment. Xmas and New Year Engelberg. For full details apply: Swiss Hotel Plan, 245 Regent Street, W.1. GRO. 8921.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Original designs by contemporary artists; wood-engravings, lino-cuts, etc., from 3d. upwards. Samples post free. The Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.

WINTER Sports, Austria; hotels from 12s. 9d. a day. Send 11d. stp. Box 4015.

INEXPENSIVE jewellery, pottery, Christmas cards, etc., on sale at I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1.

LADY, graduate, coaches Mathematics, German (native tongue), undertakes technical & other translations. Box 4012.

ENGLISH. Tuition by prof. writer. Expert, original, individual. PAR. 6309.

JOHN Vicker is the photographer who specialises in Private or Professional portraits of those who usually face the camera with severe misgivings. VIC. 4915. 29B Belgrave Road, London, S.W.1.

IRVING Theatre, Leicester Sq., requires modern Fact Grand Guignol Scripts.

HALL, ltd., Leicester Sq. Dances, socials, etc., 1 gns. evening. WHI. 3678.

SOUTH Americans wish exchange Spanish for English lessons. Box 3981.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 2978.

WOOD-engraved Christmas cards. Canterbury Series. 5s. a doz. 1s. 3d. for samples. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford, Kent.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: HOL. 8199).

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2403.

MODERN Flat, Geneva. Sleep 7. Cent. htg. Dec. 26-Jan. 14. Box 3900.

PERSONAL—continued

PRIMAVERA understands the discerning and the busy shopper. Pottery, glass, toys and other articles are selected from the finest work of British, Dutch and Scandinavian craftsmen. N.B.: Open Sats., Dec. 12 & 19, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. 149 Sloane Street, S.W.1. SLO. 5779. Primavera.

"THE Art of Seeing"—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A, Cavendish Sq., W.1. (LANgham 3626).

ARE You interested in the Government's plan for introducing competitive television? The Popular Television Association, of 78 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, will gladly send Speakers to address your Society on this vital subject.

MP's creak, dovecotes flutter, Life's a hazard, so very utter. House Purchase, Endowment, Pensions, Education. H. L. Austin, ex-M.P., Crown Life Ins. Co., 125 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 1701.

WRITE about "You"—and increase your income. Send for Free N 3 "Know How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

£250 Awards to writers. Details and entry form in current issue of "Now," send 1s. 9d. P.O. to Monktons, 140 Salisbury Square House, E.C.4.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Private lessns./classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

PHYSIOTHERAPY. Massage, relaxing and stimulating Nerve Treatment, Osteopathy, Manipulation. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D 191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

XMAS Hols.: a few vacancies for Teenagers' Conference and House Party at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Patties from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

CHILDREN'S Hotel has vacancies for Christmas holidays. Special programme. Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

IVRIT b Ivrit. Lessons by Ex-Israeli. Box 3388.

PERSONAL—continued

FRENCH Riviera. To let, artistic 6-roomed villa in old Provençal village, from Dec. 15 until April 30. Telephone: Mac. 2319.

DRINK for Xmas. Farm Hunt-Cider or Cornish Mead: the golden clear, smooth distilled dry aperitif of honey & apple juice matured in oak 2 years. Delivered free in returnable hand-made casks anywhere in U.K. 5-gallon cask Cider 57s. 6d. 1-gallon cask Mead 68s. Deposit on casks 35s. Cash with order. Malvern Dairy Cider & Mead Co., Priors Croft, Malvern, Glos.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rental. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

PS. Christmas ski-parties now full, but still some vacancies in March, pre-Easter parties Bretaye and Obergurgl. Write to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

WHERE TO STAY

TANKERTON-on-Sea, Kent. Enjoy Xmas. Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Country house atmosphere; sheltered, large grounds; excellent food, spacious bedrooms. C.H. Moderate. Tel. Whitstable 3243.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings 4571.

MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. A first-class Hotel with 18-hole golf course adjoining, set amidst scenic splendour of Glorious Devon and enjoying its coveted winter sunshine. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

WELCOMBE Hotel, Stratford-upon-Avon. An elegant hotel with 40 acres of grounds which once belonged to Shakespeare. Open during winter. Welcombe exudes the peaceful air of an older England. The Resident Manager will attend to your requirements personally.

WINTER is warmer at Farringford Hotel, I.O.W., sheltered by a sweep of Downs. Savour the joys of country living at its best—log fires and central heating, good food and courteous service. Fully licensed. Details from the Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.O.W. Phone 312.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

TREGENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. For winter warmth and sunshine—gracious country house hotel standing above the fine old Cornish harbour with Mediterranean climate. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London at 5gns. weekly. Xmas vacancies. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

QUIET Guest House, lovely Cotswold Valley. Own produce. 4-6 gns. Fintayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on W. Cornish Coast. 5gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Reduced rates Oct. to June. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

PARIS. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux.* Latin Quarter. 400-600 frs. nightly. H.C. bath. Billiards. Recently modernised. English spoken. 28 rue de la Montagne Ste. Geneviève, Paris V. Metro. Maubert-Mutualité.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. School of Political Science and Public Administration. Appointment of Professor. Professor R. S. Parker, Head of the School of Political Science and Public Administration, has resigned to take up an appointment with the Australian National University, Canberra. The Victoria University College Council now invites applications from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the vacant Chair. Candidates should be qualified to teach in the field of Political Science, and in view of the Chair carrying the Headship of the School, it would be desirable that candidates should have a knowledge of Public Administration. The salary will be at the rate of £1,500 p.a., rising to £1,700 p.a., by annual increments of £100. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his children. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and New Zealand, is January 31, 1954.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer at Bristol. There are two producers, one concerned mainly with industrial, agricultural and horticultural matters, the other with literary and cultural topics and general talks including magazine programmes. The appointment may be made in either of these two categories. Work involves conception, organisation and production of talks and talks features. Sound editorial ability and judgment essential and up-to-date knowledge of West Region most desirable. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,065 p.a. maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "147 N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclosed stamped addressed envelope.

SOLICITOR or Barrister required for a senior position in the Legal Department of the National Coal Board at London Headquarters. Applicants should be practising lawyers of wide experience, able to conduct major litigation without supervision, and to supervise junior staff. The duties of the post will include advising on questions of law relating to coal mines arising in common law litigation. Experience with regard to the coal industry is not essential, but the successful applicant must be an able and energetic lawyer. The starting salary will be not less than £1,600 per annum, inclusive. There is a Superannuation Scheme. Write giving full particulars (in chronological order) of age, education, qualifications and experience (with dates) to National Coal Board, Establishments (Personnel), Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, marking envelope TT 714. Closing date January 2, 1954. Original testimonials should not be forwarded.

THE University of Southampton. Certificate in Social Studies. Applications may now be received for the Certificate Course in Social Studies open to men and women. The new session begins on October 11, 1954. Two Exhibitions of the value of free tuition in the course for the Certificate in Social Studies are offered annually. Candidates for an exhibition must be over 23 years at the beginning of the session. Further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, the University, Southampton.

NATIONAL Children's Home, Ryalls Court, Seaton, Devon. (Approved School for 42 girls aged 10 to 16 years.) Deputy Headmistress. This post, recently advertised, has not yet been filled, and applications are again invited. The person appointed must be willing to undertake Housemistress duties and be able to drive a car or be willing to learn before taking up her appointment. Experience in the supervision of domestic staff is desirable. Salary in accordance with Home Office Scale. Forms of application may be obtained from the General Secretary, National Children's Home & Orphanage, Highbury Park, London, N.5.

CHILDREN'S Service. Res. Deputy Warden (woman) reqd., 30 Abercorn Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.8 (after-care hostel accom. 21 girls, 15-18 yrs.). Applics. should have real interest in adolescent girls, domestic experience and ability to organise elementary housecraft instruction. Youth Club and/or Social Science Diploma (or equivalent) an advantage. Salary: £450 × £12 10s.—£512 10s. less £94 0s. 8d. for board, etc. Accom. furn. bed-sitting room. Applic. form and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/1287), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

POLITICAL Secretary-Agent, part-time, Kingston Constituency Labour Party. Must be member Labour Party and Trade Union. Salary £225 rising to £262 10s. per annum. Application form from Mr. H. G. Reynolds, 76 Eden Street, Kingston, not later than December 31.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

QUALIFIED Master and Junior Mistress required for general subjects in co-ed. school. Ability to take one or more of the following an advantage—Games, P.T., Crafts, Drama. Box 3949.

REQUIRED immediately for The English School, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia (200 pupils), Senior Mistress, qualified to teach English and/or elementary mathematics, musical ability desirable. Good climate. Return passage paid. Resident post. 25 boarders—supervisory duties shared. For full particulars apply Mrs. Nutman, Brookside, Ewhurst, Surrey.

FRENCH Teacher wanted to prepare students from North Africa exclusively in French for Examination Brevet d'Etudes Premier Cycle. Apply to Dr. M. Ventura, 6 Montefiore College, Ramsgate.

CONSULTANT Psychiatrist for School for Maladjusted Children of normal intelligence, South West district. Box 3848.

VACANCY for Working Matron preferably S.R.N.) to take charge of staff of four, to care for 21 children, ages 1—11 years, at private nursery for country house converted into flats. Salary £350 less £100 emoluments. Secretary, St. Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

RESIDENT Worker (w'man) reqd. for small East London Settlement; to be responsible for Children's Clubs and help with other activities. Salary £150 p.a. plus residence. Box 3884.

THE S.O.S. Society invite applications for the post of Trainee Assistant Wardens in their hostels for men and boys in London. Commencing salary £3 5s. with increases to £4. Live in, all found. Pension Scheme for permanent staff and assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Qualifications: Age 23-37, experience in welfare work, Youth Clubs, etc. Applications in writing to the General Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

ORGANISER for Jewish Play Centre and Junior Club in the East End of London wanted. One used to children, and able to use own initiative in planning their phy and handiwork. Box 3845.

HOUSE mother and father for twenty junior boys. Psychological qualifications preferred, but willingness and ability to learn new methods would be considered. House mother for matron's duties and father to help with teaching and out of school activities. Both must have a liking for and understanding of boys. A sound education and social background essential. Box 3849.

WELFARE Officer reqd. for Boarding-Out, Girls' After-Care and Case Work in South Wales. Salary on A.P.T. scale for suitably qualified applicants. Write Miss Chavasse, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

CHANCE for enterprising educationist to take over management of co-educational school. Box 3853.

FLORIS Chocolates, Ltd., wishes to resume its pre-war scheme of training youth to become all-round confectioners. To intelligent and seriously thinking youth of both sexes we offer this opportunity to acquire this valuable qualification. Applications addressed to the Manager, Floris Chocolates, Ltd., 39 Brewer St., London, W.1, should state age, schooling, past occupations, interests or hobbies and any other information which may be helpful.

OPPORTUNITY offered of training for interesting career. Well-known West End photographer has vacancies for pupils. Small premium repaid as pocket money during training. Box 3894.

CHAIRMAN of leading London cinema company requires assistant secretary. Age 20/25. Applicants must be well educated, and have good shorthand and typing speeds. Write giving age, education and previous experience to Box 3963.

KEEN young man or woman required as Advertising Space Salesman for "Tribune." Good salary plus commission. Full particulars to the Business Manager, "Tribune," 222 Strand, London, W.C.2.

SECRETARY required 4 evenings weekly in West End Jewish Club. Shorthand-typing essential. Box 4885.

PART-time resident tutor in English required for foreign students Denmark Hill area. Box 3997.

EDITOR, Hampstead, has vacancy for experienced, competent secretary. Good post for person with initiative and efficiency in office routine. Shorthand and accurate typing essential. Box 3936.

EFFICIENT young Secretary/Shorthand-Typist with good French for Educ. Travel Organis. Good prospects for person who will take an intelligent interest in the work.—Full dets. exp., age and sal reqd. Box 4007.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

DIPLOMATIC personality, male 44, of world repute in press circles, with 13 years directing international features agency and magazine editing, holder of hon. presidency of famous international organisation, widely travelled, English and German, is interested in attractive position here or abroad, in any sphere. Box 3821.

YOUNG writer/editor, overseas/London exper., needs job. Journalism or publishing pref. Univ. Degree. Box 3587

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

ALL-Round Journalist (47): reliable, energetic, adaptable, skilled in public relations, historical and economic research, library indexing, etc., seeks congenial employment, pref. in country. Box 3927.

WOMAN graduate, 24, French and History, First Class, seeks London post. Keen, willing to be trained. Box 3921.

VERY experienced Physiotherapist wants afternoon work, receptionist, etc. Central London. Box 3869.

WIDOW, 40's, trav., wide interests, sks. congenial post as housekeeper-hostess. Box 64, Smiths, Square, Bournemouth.

YOUNG man aged 21, with personalitie and great adaptabilitie (in spight of Public School education) seeks lucretive position in any sphere, and in any country. Prepered to try anything. P. R. Price, 323 Harrow Road, Wembley, Middx.

STRONG, capable and intelligent man will undertake secretarial, maintenance, household or any other jobs or commissions at 4s. 6d. an houf. Box 3868.

PRIVATE Secretary (female) with journalistic experience, proof reading, interviewing, English, German fluent, widely travelled, good mixer, seeks suitable position, here or abroad. Box 3820.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

SEC., exp. S./T., c'tee. wk., reports, reqs. post 4/5 days wkly. Box 3955.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SOCIETY and the Homosexual is one of the subjects of vital interest to all thinking men and women of today—and it is one of the subjects dealt with in "Humanly Speaking," the new book by Dr. Eustace Chesser (author of "Love Without Fear"), published by Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers) Ltd., 11 Stratford Place, London, W.1. 8s. 6d. At all booksellers.

"A MILESTONE in the History of the Gold Coast," an autobiography by Nii Kwabena Bonne III, M.L.A. (Walata), Oso Alata Mantse and Oyokohene of Techiman, Ashanti. Chief Bonne, Local Gold Coast leader and ruler, in writing this sincere story has thrown open the pages of his life and experiences without glamorising the facts for the sake of popularity. "A Milestone in the History of the Gold Coast" (3s. 6d. net) throws an illuminating light on that country and its people. Obtainable from Booksellers or publishers Diplomatist Publications, Ltd., 140 Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Tel. Fre 8487.

CONTENTS of December "Plebs," "Yugoslav Experiment," by John Parker, M.P.; "West Africa," by J. F. Horrabin; "The Tories and the People's Food," by F. T. Willey, M.P.; "Intolerance at Manchester University," by J. P. M. Millar; "The Hiss Case," by A. L. Williams; "Why Call it 'Plebs'?" "Labour and Nationalisation"; "This Wicked World." "Plebs" costs 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. per year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"ORGONOMIC Functionalism" 1st issue indep., scien. j'rn'l. Dr. Reich's discov. of orgone as cosm. & life energy & his meth. as basis for unitary science integrating dissoc't'd. thought in science & humanities. Ritter, M.C.D., B.Arch. B.Sc.biol., D.Ed., Alston Alexandra Pk. Nottm. 2s. 6d. Sub. 15s.

"THE Professions in 1953," by R. S. W. Pollard in "Social Order Quarterly." 2s. 6d. p.a. fr. ISOC., Friends House, N.W.1.

READERS of "The New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology" (Quarterly). This Journal, with Editorial Boards in more than 20 different countries (ranging from Australia to America, Sweden to China, Israel to Czechoslovakia, and Germany to Spain) provides the only really international medium for the exchange of news and views and the publication of original work on human relations in sex and marriage. The standing of the Journal may be gauged from its Editorial Board for the British Isles (Mr. Clifford Allen, M.D., M.R.C.S., M.R.C.P.; Mr. Ambrose E. Appelbe, M.A., LL.B., Mr. Alec Craig, Professor F. A. E. Crew, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., Dr. E. Elkan, M.D., L.R.C.P., and Mr. Kenneth Walker, M.D., B.Ch., F.R.C.S., with Mr. Cyril Bibby, M.A., M.Sc., F.L.S., as Editor). Medical Practitioners, Lawyers, Teachers, Biologists, Social Workers, Clergymen and others interested are invited to send 6s. for a recent specimen copy, post free. Annual subscription £1 2s., post free. Write to the British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Napier House, 24-7 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

FRENCH books, reference works & good literature always in stock. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St., S.W.1. VIC. 1583.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

LIBRARIES, large or small, bought. And Socialist literature always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

DECEMBER Labour Monthly: "Communism and the Constitution" (R.P.D.); "The Answer to the Hydrogen Bomb" (J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.); "The Landlords' Big Raid" (Phil Piratin); "World Trade Unions at Vienna" (T. F. McWhinnie); "Engineering Wages Movement." Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or half-yearly sub. 9s. from 12N, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. December issue now ready. Of all booksellers. 3s. net (40s. p.a.).

"ETHIOPIA and Eritrea," last ten years of Reunion Struggle, by Sylvia & Richard Pankhurst, Ph.D., contains the inside story and secret documents not previously published, 18s. from Lalibela House, 3 Charteris Rd., Woodford Green, Essex.

NOW being read by every thinking person: "A Heretic's Answer to Communism." Western Press, Westward Ho!, Devon. 7s. 6d.

"BETTER Schools Now!" Peggy Jay's challenging and helpful book for parents. 3s. 6d. from bookshops, stalls or (with 2d. postage) from Turnstile Press, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LETZTE Chance! Reduced Subskriptionspreis for new edition "Der Grosse Brockhaus," ends "Dec 31. Particulars Walter Gruen & Son, 51a Chipstead Valley Rd., Coulsdon, Surrey. UPLands 1708.

"THE Choice Before South Africa," by E. S. (Solly) Sachs; revised and up-to-date paper edition 5s. (inc. postage 5s. 6d.). Order from E. S. Sachs, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1. ABBey 3770.

"INTIMACY," by Jean Paul Sartre "leaves Lady Chatterley's Lover asleep at the post." Punch. 12s. 6d. post free from Interest Books, 146 Evering Rd., N.16. Lists 6d.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

DID you know that potato peelings can save life? That good nutrition lessens accidents? That pasteurised milk kills calves? That millions of germs work to keep us well? These and dozens of other vital health facts are expounded in a fascinating book to be published December 15, "Nature Cure from the Inside." The Why of Chronic Disease, by James C. Thomson of the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh. From your bookseller (7s. 6d., by post 7s. 9d.), or direct from Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9 (Tel. 79435).

A New O'Hara!! A Latter-day Fitzgerald. Thus U.S. press quotes on Roswell Ham's "Account Overdue." Orgiastic/decadent, beautiful and damned. A new best-seller. Of all booksellers or 12s., Spearman Ltd., 10 Fitzroy St., London, W.1.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

KINSEY'S "Sex Behvr. in the Human Fem." S.H. 35s. BM/ZVGT, W.C.1.

FREE Catalogue of books on Occultism, Mysticism, Yoga, Eastern Philosophy & All Allied Subjects. 1½d. stp. Aquarian Book Service, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1.

WANTED, Runs of Magazines such as Verve; Minotaure; Transition; Criterion; Horizon; Nine; Seven, etc.; Also Learned & Technical Jnls.; Libraries & Reviews purchased, Out-of-Print books found; Catalogues issued. Fisher and Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3090.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Kindergarten 17gns., Junior and Senior School 20gns.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £50 term. Good academic results. Children parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

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TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Sun., December 13, Members only 7.45. "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens. Produced by Joan Littlewood.

BOLTONS Theatre, KEN. 5898. Murray Marionettes in "The High Toby," by J. B. Priestley and Offenbach's "Rose of Auvergne." Nightly exc. Mons. 8. Mats. Sat., Sun. 3 (& daily Xmas week). Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391), "Cinderella," tuneful, all-laughter Panto. Adm. 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d. (Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.).

IRVING, Leicester Sq., WHI. 8557. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "On with the New," our new Topical Intimate Revue. Licensed till midnight. Mems. 5s. year.

SPECIAL Xmas Attraction. Magic from the East, with Hussain the Great, Lola and her Guitar, Bhaya the Mischief Man. From Dec. 15, evs. (ex. Mon.) 7.30, Sun. 6.30. Irving Th., Leics. Sq. WHI.8557. Mems.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 12. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne in "Cabin in the Sky" (A), 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 13: O'Flaherty's "Louisiana Story" (U). From Dec. 14: Japanese film "The Impostor" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., Dec. 13, 7.30. "Hon Dussidier en Sommar" (A).

SCALA Theatre, 7.30, Mon., Dec. 14. Soviet films, "Ukrainian Concert," colourful in the "Gala Festival" tradition. Greatest singers and dancers of the Ukraine at the Kiev Opera and Ballet Theatre. Also "Big Top," famous Soviet circus film. Tkts. 1s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., from Educ. Cttee., British-Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or from Theatre, MUS. 5731. Cash and s.a.e. with order. 10/-, disc on block bkgs. of 10 plus.

ASIAN Film Society presents "Anadhiyan" ("The Cruel Wind") in English, an Indian Social Film based on a true incident, starring world-famous Nimmi and Devanand, Sun., Dec. 27, 6.30 p.m. at Scala Theatre. Mem. subs., half-yearly 5/-. For mem. & tickets apply A. F. S., 43 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

ENROL in December for a Free Seat for 1/- Indian Feature Films at Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Mems. 5s. year.

INDIAN feature film "Chandra-Lekha" with English sub-titles. Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. Sunday, December 20, at 5 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. Tickets 21s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., obtainable at Scala or from India Relief Committee, 47, Strand, W.C.2. Entire proceeds for flood relief in India.

DANCING Saturday evenings 8-11 p.m. West End Band. Licensed Bar. Members 2s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. GRO. 6186.

S.C.R. New Year's Eve Party. Best in London. Dancing. Refreshments. Prizes. Members' Bar. At 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Thurs., Dec. 31, 8 p.m.—midnight. Adm. 6s. dble., 3s. 6d. single.

COLOURED Children's Xmas Party at the League of Coloured Peoples, 3 Robert St., London, N.W.1. Sunday, Dec. 20, 2.30 p.m. Gifts and donations will be gratefully appreciated.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society annual Dinner-Dance, Dec. 17. Tavistock Rest., W.C.2. Guest speakers: Lord Pakenham, Jennie Lee, M.P. Tkts. 15s. from Margaret Johnstone, 198 Somervell Rd., S. Harrow, Middx. BYR. 5097.

CONCERTS

MUSIC for Christmas, The Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. John Churchill (Organ) and The Combined Choirs of the County High School for Girls, Loughton, and Bancroft's School for Boys, on Friday, December 18, at 7.30 p.m. Benjamin Britten's "A Boy was Born," English Traditional Carols, Music by Byrd and Weelkes, and English Organ Music. Admission Free. Programme 2s. 6d.

ANGLO-GERMAN Association: Christmas Concert, Frau Olga Schwind will perform Renaissance music on old musical instruments, Saturday, December 19, at the International Music Association Club, 14 South Audley Street, W.1, at 3 p.m. Tickets 5s. from Anglo-German Association, 43 Parliament Street, S.W.1. Tel. WHI. 3392.

A CONCERT for Christmas with Peter Pears, Ann Pollak, Leonard Cassini, Marcus Cunton, Geraldine Peppin, the McNaghten String Quartette and Randall Swingler in two new works, Harvest of Peace by Bernard Stevens and Voices of the Prophets by Alan Bush, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Friday, December 18, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., from W.M.A., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2, and L.P.F., 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

SALOME Jacobs, the brilliant young South African pianist, will give a recital for the London Jewish Society. Programme introduced by Miss Clarica Davidson includes music by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. Three Arts Club, 35 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch (corner of Upper Berkeley St.), W.1. Saturday, Dec. 12, 7.45 p.m. Adm. Members 2s. 6d., Visitors 3s. 6d.

CONCERTS—continued

MONDAY, Dec. 14, 7.30 p.m. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., W.1. Macnaghten Concert. Sophie Wyss, Joy Boughton, Carter String Trio. Works by Alan Bush, Antony Hopkins, Bernard Stevens (first performances), Britten, Cooke, Gerhard, Lutyens. Admission 3s. 6d. at door.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Tues., Dec. 15, 8 p.m. Hirsch String Quartet. Louis Kentner, Piano Quintets, César Franck & Dvorak; String Quartet, Mozart. WAT. 3191.

LEONARD Cassini, well-known Pianist, will give a talk and play Rumanian music including works of Ciprian Porumbescu, centenary of whose birth is celebrated this year. Also tape recording of Orchestral Music. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Sun. Dec. 13, 7.30. Adm. 6d. Brit. Rumanian F'ship. Ass., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

MODERN Art in Finland. Arts Council Exhibition of paintings, sculpture, glass, ceramics, textiles, furniture, etc. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Jan. 23 (closed Dec. 24-27 inc.). Mons.-Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

YUGOSLAV Mediæval Frescoes (replicas). Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Closes Dec. 13. Week days 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

HUMOROUS Drawings by 115 American and British Artists. Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1. 10.30-6.30, Mon.-Sat. Admission 1s., Children 6d.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "The Intimate Life of Paul Klee": Drawings & Watercolours, 1908-1940. Until Dec. 30. Daily 11-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Charming Small Works by English & French Artists.

PERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Terra Cotta and Pottery Figurines by Audrey Blackman. Woodcarvings by H. Nonnenmacher.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, W.14. Paintings by Mary Dobson. Daily 10-5.30, Thursdays 10-8, Saturday 10-1. Admission free. Closing December 31.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. New Paintings by Norman Adams and Brenda Chamberlain. Pottery by James Tower.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. Formalism and Realism in 16th Cent. Art: Mannerist and Baroque Paintings.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. European Masters. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery, East End Academy 1953. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays. Admission free.

TOOTHS: Recent Acquisitions VIII: paintings by Wilson, Gainsborough, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, Modigliani, etc. Daily 9.30-6, Saturdays 9.30-1. 31, Bruton Street, London, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 40 Bruton St., W.1. Recent Paintings & Watercolours by John Minton. Daily 10-5.30, Sat 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings: Jean Hugo, Martin Battersby and Frederick John Fuchs. Until January 8.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of Paintings by Russian emigré artists in Paris, Soutine; Kremegne; Chagall; Kikoine, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1, until Jan. 9, 1954.

HUNGARIAN Books & Journals, including Classical and Folk Music & Facsimiles of Historical Literary Documents are on Exhibition at Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. December 3-31 (closed 25-27). Daily 11-6.30, Sundays 2-5. Adm. free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Ambrose McEvoy (1878-1927) and Edmund Dulac (1882-1953). 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Recent Paintings by Dennis James and Hannah Gavett.

LE Club Contemporain, 5 Whitehorse Street, Piccadilly. Prints and Paintings by Laurie. Daily 1-7.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ANGLO-GERMAN Association: Dr. Ludwig Koch on "Songs of Wild Birds," illustrated by records. Thursday, December 17, Caxton Hall, Westminster, at 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Wednesday, Dec. 16, 8.15. Illustrated Discussion with the architects of two new Shoe Shops and two Railway Inquiry Offices. Chairman: J. M. Richards. Thursday, Dec. 17, 8.15. Debate. Motion "That the late work of Paul Klee reflects a decline in his powers." Speakers: Reg Butler, Patrick Heron, Robert Melville, E. L. T. Mesens. Chairman: David Sylvester. Friday, Dec. 18, 8.15. Discussion: "Poetry and Morals." Speakers: George Barker, G. S. Fraser, Roy Fuller, Stephen Spender. Chairman: John Hayward. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

DOES the public get what it really wants? Discussion, F. T. Willey, M.P. and L. R. England. Hampstead Ethical Society, 78A, Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., December 13 at 7.15 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Wed., Dec. 16 at 7.30 p.m. Paul M. Henry: "The French Political Scene." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

THE Secretary-General of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjold; Clement Attlee; and Harold Macmillan speak at a United Nations Association Rally, Royal Albert Hall, December 17, 7.30 p.m. Incl. Stage Documentary "The Way Ahead" by Andrew Campbell—the U.N. Against War and Want, with cast of 300. Tickets 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. U.N.A., 25 Charles Street, W.1.

THE Adlerian Society of Great Britain: "Question Time," Dec. 18. An informal social occasion with refreshments, 7.30 p.m. at Broadhurst Hall, 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Non-members 2s. Study Course commencing January 8, tutor: E. Weissmann, M.D. Particulars: Org. Sub-Committee, 10 Douglas Mansions, Quex Road, N.W.6.

LONDON Jewish Society. Rabbi Kopel Rosen on "Politics and Religion in Israel." Mon., December 14, at 8 p.m. Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Leicester Sq. Visitors welc. Non-members 2s. 6d.

MOUNTAINEERING Assoc. Film Lect. by C. Egmond d'Arcis, on "Zermatt and the Matterhorn," at Church House, Great Smith St., S.W.1, Wed. & Thurs., Dec. 16 & 17, at 7.15 each eve. Tickets 3s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library, on Tuesdays, at 7 p.m. Dec. 15, Dr. Stark Murray, "The Goal of Socialised Medicine." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Dec. 18, General discussion. "Flying Saucers Have Landed."

UNION Society of London, joint debate with Oxford Union, Wednesday, December 16, 8 p.m., Common Room, Gray's Inn. "That this House has no confidence in Her Majesty's Government." Visitors welcome. Near Chancery Lane Underground.

PROF. H. Levy on "Ideological Problems of the New Poland," popular lecture on recent visit to Poland. Chairman: Mr. John Horner. Thursday, Dec. 17, 7.45. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London Fabian Society. Annual General Meeting will take place at 8 p.m., on Wed., December 16, "S" in Room 8, at the London School of Economics. Business will include the proposed dissolution of the Society. Members are urged to attend.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Dec. 17, 6.30 p.m., Lecture in English by Mme. Lucette Heu-eux, Artist. Subject: "The Experiences of a Belgian Painter in Mexico." Adm. free.

BIRMINGHAM. Basil Davidson introduces his book "Daybreak in China." Film of the Huai River project. Monday, December 14, 7.45 p.m. Central Hall, Corporation St.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall (nr. Holborn) on Thursday, December 17, at 7.30: "Taittiriya Upanishad." All welc.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Science and Responsibility." At Ethical Church, 41 Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Dec. 13, 6.30.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 19, at 6 p.m., M. J. de Lafforest: "How do they speak French?" Illustrated by recordings.

DEBATE: "World Crisis—Is there a way out?" Fulham Town Hall (opp. Fulham Broadway Und. Stn.). Wed., Dec. 16, 7.30. G. May (S.P.G.B.), Devi Anandi (author, Japan's Kampf, &c.). Adm. Free.

PSYCHOLOGY of Democratic Process—4th study week-end led by H. Walsby: Jan. 8-10, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

MR. MAYER on "The World University Service." Friday, Dec. 18 at 8.15. All welc. No collection. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queens Gdns., W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Dec. 13, Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "The Number of the Beasts." Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall. Thurs., Dec. 17, 7.30. Pessimism and Christianity: A discussion. Free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

RE-SHAPING British Industry. Weekend School, January 1-3, Steyning, Sussex. Speakers include: Austen Albu, Anthony Wedgewood Benn, Wilfred Brown and Gerald Nabarro. Further particulars: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ASHRIDGE. Week-end Courses on International Affairs, the Commonwealth, Social Problems, Economics and the Arts. Longer Courses for Industry and Commerce. Prospectus and Programme for 1954 will be sent on request to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Little Gaddesden 3191.

URCHFONT Manor. Week-end Course, Jan. 15-17, 1954. Experimental Follow-up of B.B.C. Home Service Series, 7.30 p.m., on Wednesdays Nov. 11-Dec. 16, on Africa. Speakers will extend broadcast discussions into a wider field. Full Spring Progr. from Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

PORTUGUESE Evening Classes from Jan. 14. All grades. Portuguese Language Committee, 2 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. SLO. 7180.

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EXTERNAL Students' Planning Course: Jan. 1-3, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

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